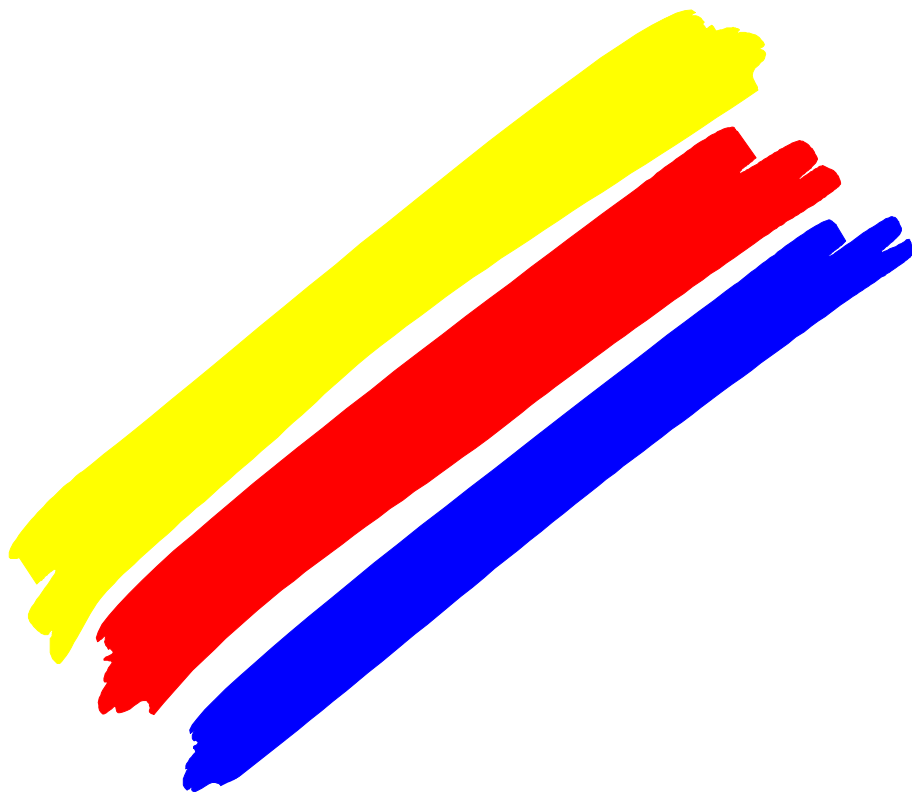


# IDEAS AND CONTENT

Sample Papers and Suggested Uses





# Dinosaurs



The animals are one of the most interesting things. But the animals that I think are the most interesting are the dinosaurs. They are extinct but I still like them.

My four faivorit are the tricaritops, stegasaurs the anklyasaurs and tyranasaursrex. Why do I like these paticular dinosaurs? Because they have good protection.

Take the tricaritops for instens. It has three horns on it's head. It was one of the only dinosaurs that could beat tyranasaursrex.

Speaking of tyranasaursrex he was the most feared dinosaur. He had six inch long teeth. I wander if he brushed his teeth. Oh well.

Another well protected dinosaur was the anklyasaurs. This dinosaur had protection of a armed ball, like a hardshell, and sidespikes.

Now that's what I call good pertection. Now the stegasaurs was very calm. Know one knows what the plates and spikes were for. Were they for fighting or to make him look dangerous? You deside.

dinosaurs stragly disapeared of the face of the earth. Some say it was a meatyer or a comet. I guess the world will never know.

# Outdoor School

When we arrived at Outdoor School we were told about some of the things we would be learning about.

The camp was very, very big. It rained and hailed all three and a half days we were there. During our lunch, we learned about a challenge they had ready for us. The challenge was to get under three pounds of food waste Tuesday, under two pounds Wednesday, and under one pound Thursday. It was very hard to do, but we did it twice.

We also learned about the seven concepts of life, which are E.C.D.C.I.C.A. We did some experiments to learn what these letters stand for and what they mean.

They told us that in the future we would be the ones making the choices on what to save for future generations. So, if we didn't save enough resources for the next generations, they would suffer.

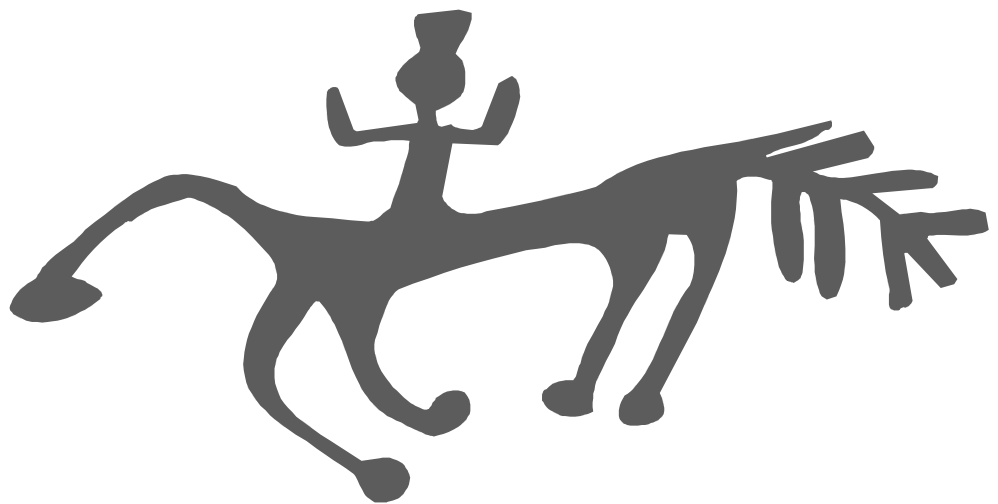
Grade 6

This is what I learned outside of school



Horses really mean a lot to me. My favorite horse is a Black Stallion. I also like mules, donkeys and birds. My favorite bird is the swan. I can talk like a duck, a hawk, and a crow. I like chipmunks but not as much as horses. I like to look up funny words in the dictionary. It's a lot of fun to go on a walk in the spring because there is a lot of stuff to look at.

Grade 4



## Dusty Books



The smell of old, dusty books reminds me of my father. An avid collector, he had many books, most of which went unread.

He owned books on everything from medicine to Vietnam and several sets of encyclopedias. When I enter one of his haunts, such as Powells, I am carried back to a time when the two of us were happy.

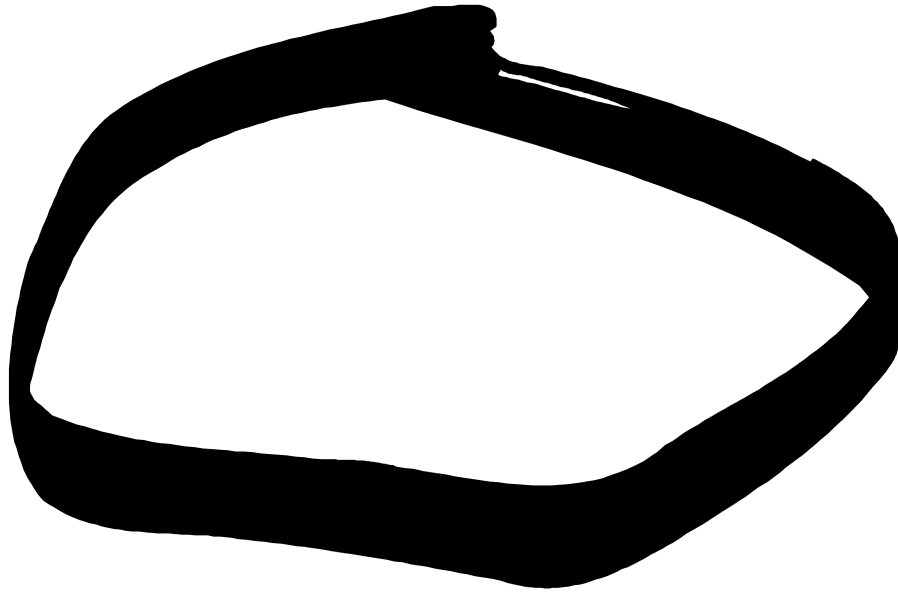
I see him standing by a shelf, thumbing through a medicinal journal, or opening his wallet to pay for yet another purchase, knowing full well that Mom would lecture him on “wasting money on books you never read anyways!”

Strolling past rows and rows of books I remember how, after the cancer struck, he came less and less and read fewer and fewer books. They became just part of the scenery, collecting only dusty and memories.

Near the end, perhaps knowing he would never get to read them all, he gave almost all of the books away, keeping only a few and treating them with an almost holy reverence, as if any crease or mark would destroy them totally. Gone was the man who would brush aside a huge coffee stain, replaced by one who would fly into terrible rages at a bent corner, or creased spine.

I have read a few now, after he is gone, and each time it brings back a hurt like a sore throat that refuses to heal, but I suppose it is a quest of sorts, because if I can take on his thirst for knowledge, cheerful smile, and willingness to help others, then like a match in the darkness, I will bring a little light into the world. And if that light touches others, maybe it will spread across this world, to light up the heavens for millennia to come.

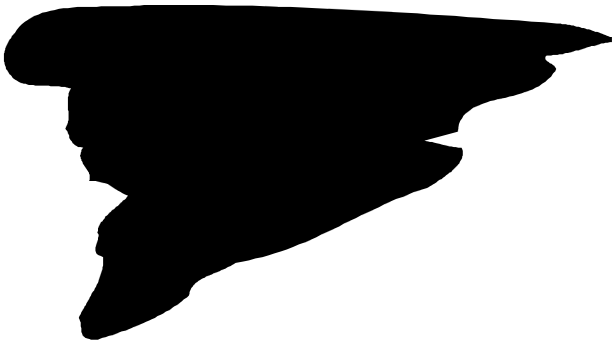
I think he'd like that



My last day in Washington I wanted to spend it at the Space Needle. I wanted to spend it there because I wanted to get over my fear of heights before I got on the long plane ride. I also wanted to spend it there because it's an exciting place to see. I also wanted to tell the people at my new house that I've been there and tell them how cool it is.

I want to spend my last day with my family so I can remember my favorite place in Seattle. When I'm at the top I want to eat in the restaurant, but what I want to do most of all is look over the edge at the small little ant-size people in a huge ant city. As I'm leaving I will see the sun slowly set over the city as each little light turns on in the windows and that would be the last thing I would remember.

One time, a few weeks ago, I was out with my friend trying to decide what to do. It was a Friday night so we knew there had to be a keg somewhere. We called up a friend who always knows where the parties are at. She said that there was something going at 20<sup>th</sup> which is a park at the end of a dead end street. About 20 minutes later we arrived to find many more people there than we expected. We parked on the street outside of the park and walked into the park to a covered shelter where the keg was and where there were many people hovered around a fire, trying to stay warm. I ran into some people I knew from school and they gave me a cup. I went to the keg to go fill it up but there were no beer.

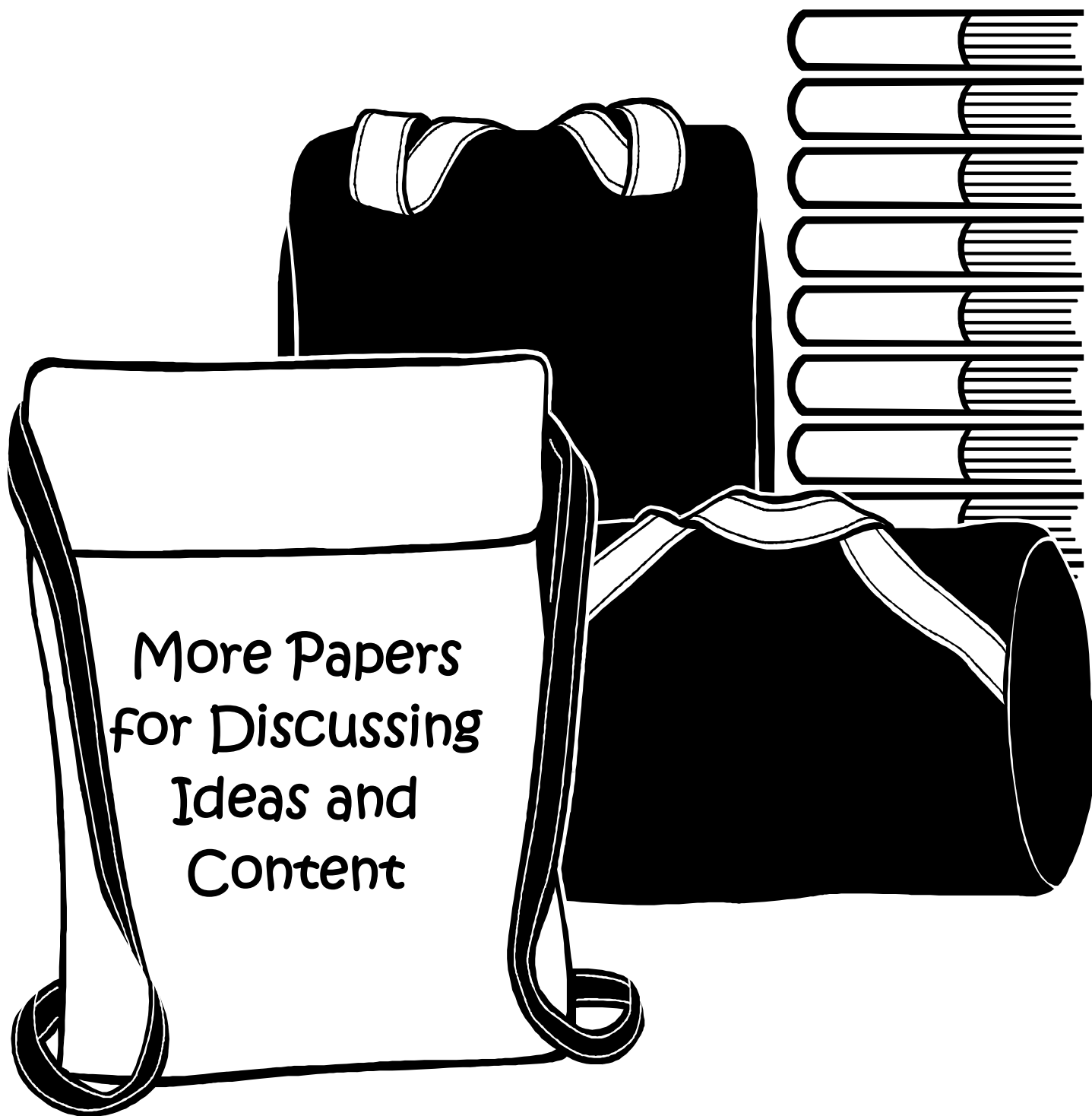




# Ideas and Content Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<p><b>dinosaurs</b>  <b>Ideas and Content score: 4</b>            How many times have you read expository writing and just wanted to fall asleep? “dinosaurs” contains several details that demonstrate how an author needs to think about his/her audience, providing the kinds of supporting details that the reader will want to know. The explanation of the various protection mechanisms is geared to tap into common experiences, thus welcoming the reader in. The writer stays on topic quite well with the exceptions of the introduction and conclusion.</p>	<p><b>Dusty Books</b>  <b>Ideas and Content score: 5</b>            This insightful piece shows great maturity in using carefully chosen details to enrich a theme. The language paints several scenes of the father and his changing relationship with his beloved books, giving us a sense of how cancer changed him in other ways as well. The word choice is also quite extraordinary in this piece. Another interesting quality of this paper is the shift in the voice of the final paragraph, which may strike some as overly grandiose and unnatural.</p>
<b>Developing</b>	<p><b>Outdoor School</b>  <b>Ideas and Content score: 3</b>            While “Outdoor School” stays within the scope of its broad title, there is never a strong sense of purpose about the writing or a compelling theme. There is an attempt to provide accurate details, but notice in the third paragraph in particular how the author doesn’t explain or develop his ideas (just what is ECDCICA?)</p>	<p><b>My last day in Washington</b>  <b>Ideas and Content score: 3+</b>            The topic of this piece is narrow enough, but the supporting details don’t go terribly far in painting a picture for the reader. You are left with many questions: Where is she going? Why? How does she feel about it? We want more!</p>
<b>Beginning</b>	<p><b>Horses really mean a lot to me</b>  <b>Ideas and Content score: 1</b>            Wow! This young writer hasn’t come close to setline on a topic. It is difficult to even trace the train of thought behind the exploration of subjects. As a teachable moment, students could be encouraged to choose just one of the topics covered and brainstorm supporting details.</p>	<p><b>One time, a few weeks ago</b>  <b>Ideas and Content Score: 1+/2</b>            The topic size is manageable; the writer is working with personal experience, the details all tie back to the topic...What isn’t working? Well, as a reader you are left with a feeling of, “Who cares?” There is no sense of why this moment in time is worth sharing. Given the illicit behavior, one could certainly expect a certain amount of dramatic tension, or perhaps a funny anecdote.</p>







## Animals (EI-01)

There are many different kinds of animals, but I am reporting on the racoon and the panda

The Panda lives mostly in China, in very dense Banboo forests. They also live in some zoos in the United States, but are found there very rarely and are not often given to anyone.

For to the chinese people the panda is sacred and they feel it is a great honor and privilege to live in a country in which the panda lives in. The panda looks very cuddly, soft and fun to play with, but their fur is actuley very course, stiff and hard. Their black and white fur with a black patch on theier eye makes them look cuddly and cute.

The panda bear eats leaves, bushes or vegetables as known to us. Pandas like to play wit toy barrels, balls or other toys human children like to play with. Because you see pandas are like humans in many ways. But, they are for sure the only one Bear just like them I've learned a lot of Pandas and I hope you learned a lot too, so now it's time to learn about the racoon.

The raccoon is a small type of animal and is often called the bandit. Because of the black patch over it's eyes which looks like a mask a bandit might wear. The racoon also has a big busy brown tail with black rings around it. Racoons can be pets and most pet racoons are not going hurt you unless you make them angry.

The racoon usually lives out on the prarie or in forests. The Racoon is a Carnivor which means he eats meat. One of the things I thought was funny about the racoon was that they wash their food before they eat it.

My favorite is the racoon because it is an interesting animal to me and cute too. I hope you're enjoyed my sotry because I sure have enjoyed writeing it.

Thank You!

Grade 3

## My Frenad (EI-02)

Well you wont belv this but I well tell you my Friand is not a Cat is a trtel his name is tommy me and tommy do lots of things, we go fer walks we both eat.

One thing he eats dog food cat food tamada. I dont. I eat a sandwish myself.

Some times I lose my ahbiti (appetite) just looking at him eat dog and cat food all the time. He sleeps all the time. He's fun any way.

The End.



Grade 4

## the found Book (EI-03)

The most valuable thing I owne. Is a math book that I found in a hotede school house I crepte in a saw a math book it had dust and mill do on it pekte it up and opend to the firsd page it hap riting it said cpey right date was may/24/1965 it was amazing that it was so old and still in good condition. I sute the book and went home win I gote home my dad said I use to have a book like that win I was in 6<sup>th</sup> grade the year 1965. The last page said preted in California the seked page said wate is 501X7 my dad was reiding oer y sholder. He said that is the is the esecest prablum of all.

Naw the book is plated in the wall for saf keping and that is the most valuable thing I owne.

Grade 5

EI-04

This story is about why something is the way it is. For example, why a dog barks or why trees grow leaves. Do dogs bark to warn someone about burglars or because they want to eat? Do trees grow leaves to make shade or to lose in the winter? Don't ask me I have no idea. Another thing why do we have kids, or why are we even alive? Do we have kids to bother us or to have fun with? Why do we ask Why? That is the point of my story. I don't know the answers.

Grade 3







## EI-05

Wow! I can't believe how many people comment on my spelling. Most people tell me 'm a great speller and just wiz through a unit quicker than a snap of a finger. Spelling is my favorite and best subject. Spelling is a subject I can do without working my brain so hard. In spelling all I do to spell is think of how the words are used in the sentences my teacher says and put the sounds of the words together and spell. It's like this. If I'm asked to spell desert I listen for the sentence my teacher uses it in and spell it. If my teacher says, "I was in the hot desert," I'd know he's using it as the dry, deserted desert with one "s." To me the most important thing in spelling is how words are used. Some words in spelling are homophones like son or sun. My teacher might say, "son, the next word's son, my humble son." He used a son in a sentence using the child son not the above our head sun. As soon as I know how the word is used I spell it. S-O-N. Another reason I can spell good is by putting letters together. Maybe someone would ask me to spell miscellaneous. If so I'd split words up like this. MIS-CELL-A-NEOUS. I think of how it sounds and if it looks like the right spelling before I say it's right. Sometimes if I learn words and spell them correctly I instantly forget how to spell them about a week later. To prevent this I make chants. I know you're probably saying how can chants change my spelling. I guess I'll tell you. If I am asked to spell arithmetic I'd do this chant. A Rat In The House Might Eat The Ice Cream. How does that chant help me? If I use the first letter in each word, A-R-I-T-H-M-E-T-I-C. If you have trouble spelling you can try the steps I mentioned. So you now know why I can spell well.

Grade 5

## MHI-01



It was a beautiful, sunny spring day, a perfect day for baseball. It was my last year playing with the Little League team that I loved so much. This game was the first game of the season. My team, which was named Daly's had the home field advantage, so we started in the field.

In the top of the first inning my whole team was really pumped up for the new season. I was playing shortstop and my friend Josh was playing second base. The first three batters that faced our star pitcher Brendon were set down all in a row.

When I got back to the dugout my coach told me that even though I was the number three batter in the lineup, I would be leading off today. Then he told me that we needed to get the lead early in the game, and he needed me to get on base. I told him I would try my hardest, and I slowly started to walk towards the plate.

While I was walking to the plate, I looked over and noticed that the pitcher for the other team was a boy named Anthony that I had never really liked in the past. I didn't like him because he was very cocky and he thought that he was the best pitcher in the league.

As I stepped up to the plate I starred him straight in the eyes and I knew that he was nervous. When the umpire yelled "Play Ball" I took a couple of practice swings. Anthony slowly started into his windup, and I started to grip the bat very tight. He let loose a high fastball that was coming right over the plate. I started my stride and swung as hard as I could. I looked up at Anthony and saw his head swing back as he watched the ball sail into the trees way over the homerun line. While I trotted around the bases I looked over at my teammates as they were all jumping up and down and yelling at the top of their lungs. I glanced over at my parents and saw that they were doing the same thing. When I reached home plate my whole team was waiting with congratulations and hi-fives.

As I went to sit down in the dugout I thought to myself "This is going to be a good season." I will never foorget that game for the rest of my life.



## MHI-02

We are now living in the year 1997, a world only thought imaginable in the days of our haunting past. From unmarked territory and grassy plains to skyscrapers and a thousand blacktop roads. Every inch that was moved and every step that was taken along the way, there were great leaders and common folk, high society and low society, and always the optimist and the pessimist.

Some will argue that living in the 1990's, pessimism is the right way to go. I believe that even in the 1990's, pessimism is only good for one thing, preparation. Pessimism in small doses can at times enrich the welfare of a person, by making them realize the worst possible outcomes in many situations, therefore mentally preparing themselves for what obstacles may come their way. Other than one reason, I think any other form of pessimism can be harmful to people.

Pessimism can harm people socially by people only surrounding themselves with other pessimists. It's also harmful emotionally, because pessimistic people often use putdowns on other people to boost their own self esteem. Optimism on the other hand can help people gain self confidence, friends, knowledge, and self fulfillment without hurting the people around them.

An optimistic person can build self confidence in many ways. I believe in the theory that states, when people are optimistic they surround themselves with other optimistic people. Which in turn will help them gain friends. Surrounding themselves with these people will make them feel good and wanted and therefore boosting not only confidence, but friends also.

When I say that people can build their knowledge, you probably don't know what I mean. I call it goal optimism. When a person has an optimistic mind set and is truly a believe that they can overcome all obstacles and meet their goals, they can. Whether these are career, academic, or even athletic goals, once they have their hearts set on them, they realize what they must know or learn to achieve them. Now that their hearts and minds are set, all they need to do is aim high and reach.

The last thing I mentioned was self fulfillment. Self fulfillment is the end result of all the situations I have just briefly described. People will be fulfilled socially by having more positive friends, academically by reaching their goals, and emotionally by both of these.

Now that you understand why living a life of optimism is better than pessimism, I leave you with one piece of advice, expect the best, but be prepared for the worst.

## Idaho Potatoes: The Only Reason Idaho is a State (MHI-03)

Potatoes. Not just ordinary potatoes. Idaho potatoes. The name itself is amazing. "Idaho potatoes" is a household name in my family.

Once a year we go to see our relatives in Idaho. We visit from three days to two weeks there. My relatives live in a town of only 1500 people. A major amount of those 1500 are farmers. And of course they are Idaho potato farmers. When our visit is done we usually go to the storehouse and pick two boxes of potatoes out. They're just 15.00 for a whole box. One box lasts almost half a year.

When we get back home from our visit we usually give some of those Idaho potatoes to our neighbors. They just love them potatoes. You can make a whole variety of meals with those potatoes.

You can make several variations of french fries. There's cajun fires, tater-tots, fast fries, and curly fries. There are several toppings you can put on baked potatoes. My mom's favorite is sour cream while my dad's and mine is grated cheddar cheese. A lot of people like to eat hash browns for breakfast. Some eat it with sausage and eggs. I, on the other hand, prefer mash potatoes. I like forming sculptures with them or something like a volcano. Then you pour brown gravy down the hole till it pours over the potatoes like lava. I guess you can say our family has had a lot of experience eating Idaho potatoes.

How my dad ate potatoes everyday since he was born. I don't know. But I sure would like to find out how he does it. My guess is that Idaho potatoes were such a big thing growing up, he assumed he was supposed to eat it.

Well, I guess Idaho may not have any world-wide know cities like New York and anybody famous like Jimi Hendrix from Seattle, and may not even have any pro sports teams like New York Yankees or Dallas Cowboys. But one thing they do have that no other state can say it has it Idaho potatoes.

So, next time you go to a supermarket or grocery store to pick something up to eat for diner, lunch or breakfast, remember potatoes. Idaho potatoes. Thank you and good night.



## Language Arts (MHI-04)

Mr. Watters had respect for his students and was respected also. He encouraged each person to use his or her talents. People who were normally shy were not in his class. Students used their strengths which include speaking drawing making graphs etc.!

He would put us in small groups for learning and corporation. We presented in our group to the entire class. Then he put our projects on the wall to show off our work like he was proud of it. Coach Watters engaged each indivigal to be part of the team.

He made the history relevant to the present. Something that could have been boring was made fun by his teaching style. We studied areas such as famous artist could have been boring but had a way to make it fun. We studied areas such as dictators in comparison to Hitler. In areas such as personalities and religion. He and my nolet say we are sometimes more resemble then adults. At the end of semester he asked how could he improve the class the kids struggled to help him better the class.



## MHI-05

To be an optimist is to one who views things to happen with the best possible outcome! I think it's better to be an optimist rather than a pessimist.

There are a couple of reasons I think it's better to be an optimist rather than a pessimist. One is because with optimists even if things don't go your way you still have hope. You know however bad things are they will get better. I think it changes your whole perception of life, and outlook.

With pessimists, they always expect the worst. If you go around your whole life thinking only bad things will happen you'll be a very worried person. Not to mention unhappy and unproductive.

So it's my conclusion that optimism is much better if you want to live a long, healthy and productive life.

## Scores Ideas

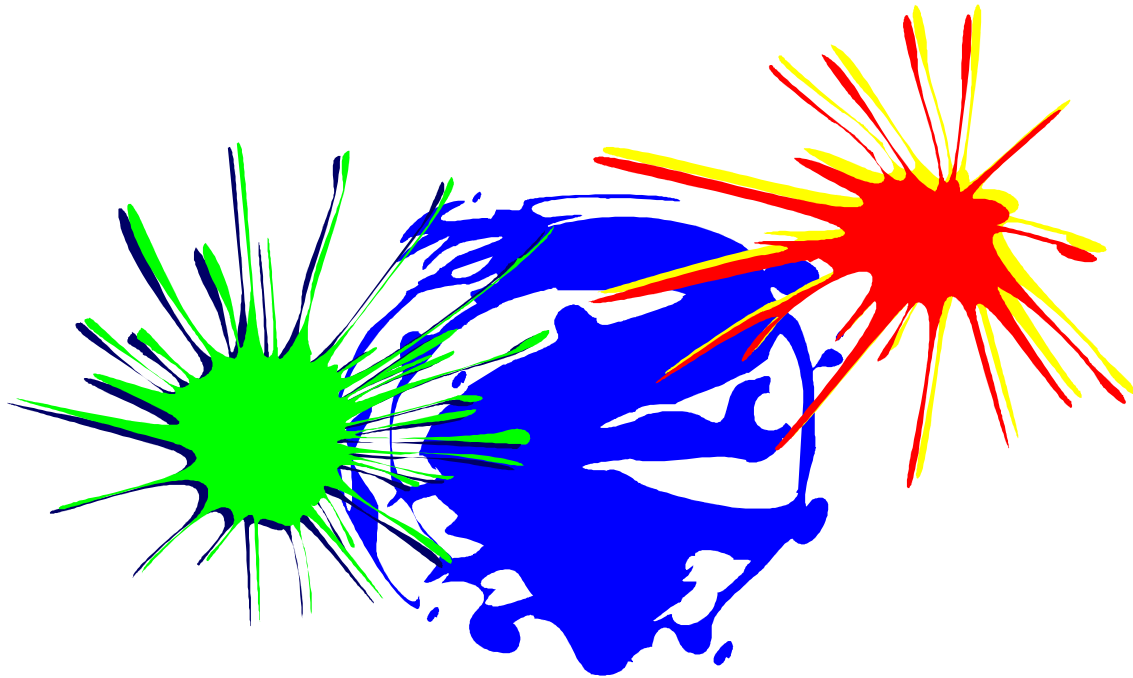
EI-01	.....	4+/5
EI-02	.....	3/3
EI-03	.....	3/4-
EI-04	.....	2/2
EI-05	.....	5/5
MHI-01	.....	5/5
MHI-02	.....	4/4
MHI-03	.....	4/4+
MHI-04	.....	3+/4-
MHI-05	.....	2/2





# ORGANIZATION

## Sample Papers and Suggested Uses





## A time when I was surprised was last year

I was rollerskating with my best friend Emily on my driveway. I was practicing my new trick, skating and then jumping, and then skating again.

I guess I was going too fast, or maybe I was just being too careless, but anyway, I tripped over a rock and went flying. As I fell, I put out my right hand to catch myself. I landed with a thud. Bolts of pain shot up my arm.

Emily, who had been watching in horror, zoomed to the front door to alert Mom. I was lying on the ground. I couldn't stop moving, it hurt so bad. We got my skates off and limped into the house. I had been wearing knee pads, so my knees were o.k., but the palms of my hands were dirty red with gritty blood.

Mom washed off my hands and laid some ice on my wrist. I winced. Then she called the doctor and we went off to Kaiser, Emily too. When we got there we marched straight into the emergency room, and the lady at the counter gave me an ice bag.

Finally, it was our turn. A nurse took some x-rays, (that was weird) and sent me back out again. The x-rays showed I had sprained my right wrist in the fall. Oh gosh, I thought. How in the world am I going to write? Writing was hard. My index and middle fingers were enclosed in the cast, so I slipped a pencil between my thumb and the cast and tried to write. It didn't come out too neat, that's for sure, but I painstakingly copied the alphabet. Numbers came easier. They didn't have so many curves. Somehow, I lived through school, and after a week I got my cast off.

I still rollerskate with Emily, but I'm much more careful.

Grade 4

THE END




## 5:00 School Days

I think school days should last till 5:00 so we can learn more. Then the teachers could teach us more. Then we would be able to have a longer Math period. We'd be able to have a longer recess time. Then we'd be able to have a longer lunch time, I'd be able to be fire chife and Safty Patrol longer. We will get to see three movies a day. then we'd be able to do more book reports in two days. We'd be able to do P.E. longer. Then we'd be able to have brand twice as long. We'd be able to do more Riddles and Jokes in class. That's why I want to school last till 5:00

Grade 5





A rainy day. I say it's fun. When you think of some games to play. Like I play Hands Down and I play girl talk. which my sister. I play Hands Down which my family it's fun to play Hands Down. when it's a rainy day. a rainy day. do not have to be boring. it can be fun. you can play games and if you have a sister you play girl talk wheth you sister and you can play hide in sink. that's fun to play in rainy days . games like Hands Down and girl talk. are games that you can play on a rainy day. rainy days are so fun sometimes sometimes rainy days are not fun when it's a rainy day. I play games. game are not boring. games are fun to play on a rainy days.

Grade 3

# Big Person's Shoes

I remember walking through shopping centers while my mom looked for shoes. I always wished I would grow another inch or two so my feet could fit into the wonderful "big person's shoes." My mother would look over several kinds, then, after choosing her favorite, ask the clerk for the left shoe. I longed for the day when I could try them on, just like she did.

Being able to wear shoes with heels represented a grow-up to me. I wanted to be an adult in the worst way. Sometimes after we had gone shopping, I would sneak into my mother's bedroom. Then quietly, so no one would hear, I would slip the new shoes out of their box and onto my feet. What I used to think was a grand and ladylike gait, was really an unsteady wobble. I would saunter over to the full length mirror to admire my shoes, well, her shoes. Then I would twirl around and cast condescending glances at the closet, nitestand, lamp and other furniture. I would pretend these things were some of the other fourth graders in my class at school.

One Saturday afternoon, I was destined to spend the day at a shoe store in town. Sitting in the back seat, I started to think about fancy shoes. Upon arriving, I discovered large signs that advertised a sale at the shoe store. Grudgingly I dragged in. After a few minutes, I noticed something. My mom, who wears a size 7 ½ was looking in the size 5 ½ section. Suddenly, I stratened up and looked at her again. Yes, she was there! I couldn't believe it, maybe she was looking for shoes for me. "Molly," said my mother, "Would you come over here for a moment?" Immediately I leaped to my feet, and in a flash I was by my mother's side. In her hand was a shoe, the most beautiful that I had ever seen. It was black patten with a dazzling red bow on the toe. "Honey, would you try this on?" she said. Immediately I said yes. The shoe fit perfectly. It was made for me. I looked pleadingly into her eyes for the sparkle that ment that I could have them. Then she said, "Clerk, would you please get the mate for me?" I just couldn't believe it! I was the luckiest girl in the whole fourth grade.

When we got home, I tried on the shoes with my best dress. Then I went into the kitchen and twirled around so my father could see. I didn't know what he would say. I stood and bit my lip in waiting for the inevitable to come. To my surprise he said I was turning into a pretty young lady! I will remember that moment forever.

A year or so later I grew out of the shoes. I regretfully packed my shoes into a box to give away. A girl who lived next door was to get my shoes. A few months later I was at a school Carnival and saw the girl wearing my shoes. They were a size too big and they flopped around. Even so, I could see the glow on her face. She was wearing "big person's shoes."



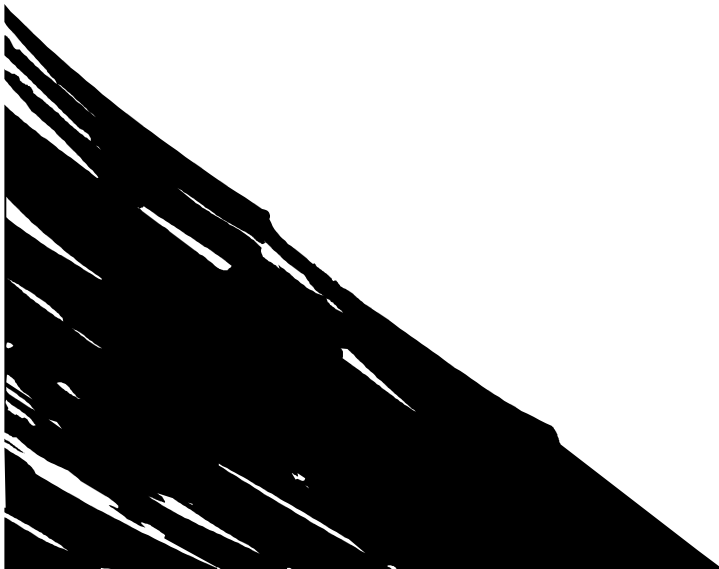
# Being an Only Child: Some Advantages and Disadvantages

There are many advantages and disadvantages to being the only child in the family. I will list both the advantages and disadvantages.

I will start with the advantages of being the only child. When you are the only child, you get all the attention. You are allowed to do more adult things than if you have a brother or sister. You get your own room and lots of privacy. There is no older brother or sister bossing you around.

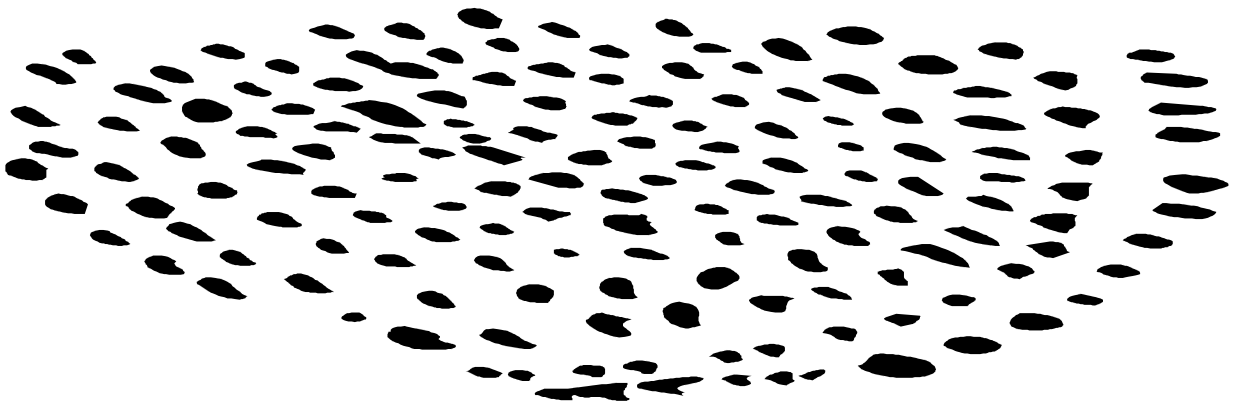
Now I will tell you about the disadvantages of being an only child. Quite often, you feel bored because of lack of things to do. For instance, let's say it is summer vacation and you would like something to do but no one is around. If you had a brother or sister, you would have someone to do things with. These are just some of the many disadvantages of being an only child.

So, as you can see, being an only child has its advantages and disadvantages. Do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages? It is up to you.



## My Stereo

The thing I like most is my stereo its really cool. I got it for Christmas. I was so surprised that I got it. I never got a radio for Christmas before. I got a watch to for Christmas. I like my watch it has buttons and stuff on it. I like my stereo the best though. Because it's the most expensive thing I got for Christmas. My sisters got me the watch. I think I like the most is my stereo and my watch. I like my stereo the most because it is loud and I just about break the windows of our house. I like my watch because it beeps every hour and it bugs the teachers to death. I like my radio and watch both. My watch that I got is digital. My radio goes really loud it has 4 speakers. Its Am, Fm stereo dual cassette player. It has an amplifier right by the speakers. Everyone likes my stereo because its dual cassette and its really neat. Everyone likes my watch to because it has buttons on the top of it.





# Organization

## Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<p><b>A time when I was surprised last year.</b>  <b>Organization score: 5</b>            This young writer does a terrific job of moving the reader through a story. The details are strategically placed to set the scene, take us through the accident, and fill in the aftermath. The conclusion is more satisfying than the introduction or title, but the meat of the writing is well paced and flows smoothly.</p>	<p><b>Big Person's Shoes</b>  <b>Organization score: 5</b>            Sometimes length works against a piece, despite the good intentions of many a student. This paper manages to harness its depth of detail, taking the reader back in time and then returning to the present. The title is original and captures the mood of the piece well. The word choice is also carefully crafted, employing precise but natural language to capture a young girl's longing to grow up.</p>
<b>Developing</b>	<p><b>5:00 School Day</b>  <b>Organization score: 3</b>            The introduction and conclusion of this piece are recognizable as such, but they fail to draw the reader in or provide a strong sense of closure. The internal structure isn't illogical, but the supporting details read like a list and lack transitions. Further development of ideas and content would be required before the writer tackles organizing the message.</p>	<p><b>Being an Only Child: Some Advantages and Disadvantages</b>  <b>Organization score: 3+</b>            Here is a classic example of organizational structure overpowering a piece of writing. The message isn't obfuscated; in fact, it's so abundantly clear that you would like to sit down with the author and encourage him to break free from the shackles of formulaic writing. Take a risk! Please! This piece pairs nicely as a teaching opportunity with another paper in this section, "Harder Than You Think."</p>
<b>Beginning</b>	<p><b>A rainy day. I say it's fun.</b>  <b>Organization score: 1/2</b>            This piece jumps back and forth through the same ideas and then takes a turn, with the conclusion sounding more like what should have been the thesis.</p>	<p><b>My Stereo</b>  <b>Organization score: 1</b>            This writer keeps throwing in more details about his stereo and his watch – a little of this, a little of that...The result is that it reads like an attempt to provide support (or perhaps just fill space) with no real thought about how it all fits together.</p>



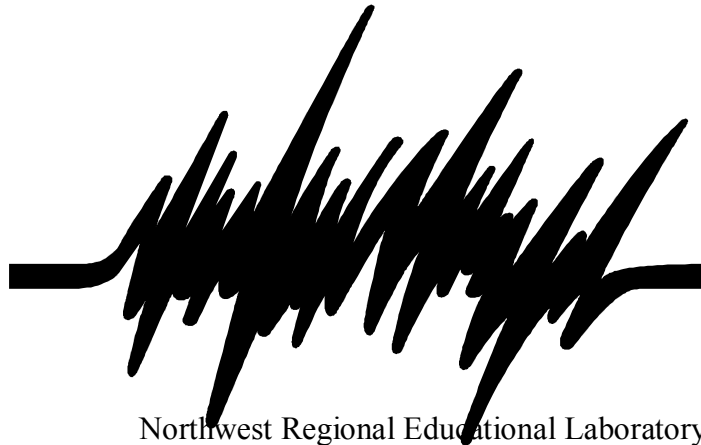
## EO-01

Did you know that hermit crabs and snails are quite alike? For instance then both have shells. They both can be pets.

Here's some differences. Crabs have legs. Snails don't. Crabs can go fast. Snails can't

I like hermit crabs more because I have one. I wrote about snails because I use to have one. Hermit crabs can go pretty fast. Mine has a green shell for now. They live in burrows. It is also called the coconut crab. A rubber crab.

Are snails killers? I guess so. They kill 1000's of people a year. With a disease called schistosomiasis. Water snails stick to the glass. And seldomly come out. A disease called ick kills snails. Well good day.

A large, stylized black ink signature or scribble, possibly reading 'Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory'.

Grade 3

## EO-02

I chose to write about my mother. I think she is interesting and important. My mother is a teacher. She has been teaching for many years. A couple of times I have gone to work with her.

She explains the lessons very well, but does not like to repeat herself.

When her students are talking and she doesn't want them to, she is often very patient and waits. She says that in being a teacher you must have patience.

If they are being inappropriate, she always lets them know they are acting.

If they are acting good, she often rewards them with a compliment or something small like a sticker.

Sometimes she gets frustrated, but usually doesn't show her students that.

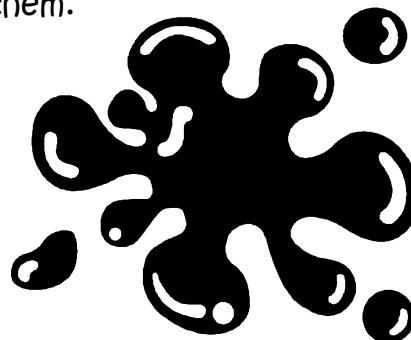
But sometimes she will tell them that she, too, gets frustrated.

If her students don't understand something, she goes step by step until they do understand.

In my opinion, she is a great teacher. If she thinks something is simple, and they think it is hard, she remembers that it was very difficult for her once, too. She tries her best to understand her students feelings and thoughts.

At the end of the day, she tells them over all how good they have been, and what they need to work on.

I think she is important because she has taught many children. All teachers are important, and you can learn a lot from them.



Grade 4

## EO-03

My fened is a bore. I went ot her howes and she was waching her favorite T.V. show. My freneds name is Ann but I bont know why that bont koll her T.V. hed. Ann bose't get owt a lot so she's a dit fat. Oun day we went to the stor, and wod't you no it thar was a T.V. at the stor! "Look!" Ann sead, "Ted and Samy is on!" I toled her she was fater than a mousie! That was not the way to solve it. She did't even know I sead it! So I trnd off the T.V. and sead, "You- Me outside!" Ann was't skard a bit but she went gust the same. "this beder be good!" Ann sead, "Your making me miss Roky and Bollewike!!" Now I was agry. I sead, "I am going to run to the next Fred-Miers and you are to. Ann was so suppriste she did't on thy run to the next Fred-miers and bake she ran for five extra bloks! From now on she spens most her tiem exsersising...and I do to!



Grade 5

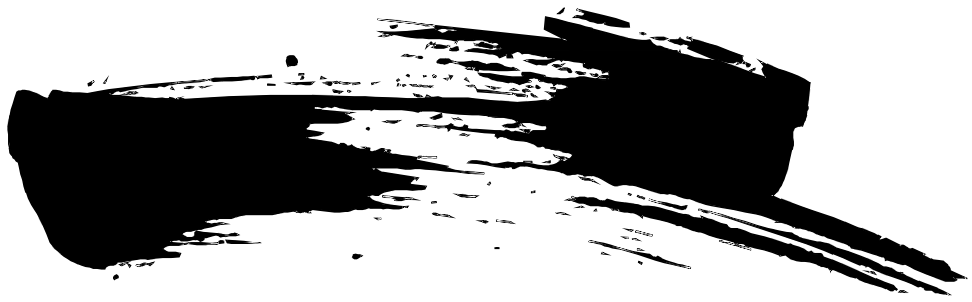
## Bird and Wolf (EO-04)

The bird has lots of fears. The wolf has lots of fur.

The wolf is a cornitor. A cornitor is a meat eater. The bird is a cornitor. It eats worms and corn. The wolf likes to run and leep. The bird likes to fly. The wolf might live where it's realy cold. Some might live where it's realy hot. like calf. The bird live in a nest. The one I like is the wolf. But I think it looks like a dog. But I don't think a wolf would like me dog. The wolf is a ferocious animl this is why is like it. The wolf is a fast runner. This is why I like it.

Grade 3





I felt like a big knot had just been tied in my stomach as my friend said, “Please, Emily? You’ll love it, I just know you will!”

She was desperately begging me to try out the big roller coaster with her. In fact, she was almost down on her knees. I’m usually never scared to try something new, but this ride looked absolutely hair-raising! Every time we walked by, my palms started sweating. The roller coaster felt almost like a big magnet, pulling me to it. I felt like Jan on the Brady Bunch!

I changed the subject every time she begged me to try. I would say, “Let’s go get some cotton candy,” or, “that ride looks fun, let’s try it!” She always went along with me, but I was sure I could see the wheels turning around in her head, trying to think of another way to persuade me to go on it..

We were walking by another ride that was next to the frightening roller coaster ride that I definitely didn’t want to go on! I didn’t plan it that way. I guess it was just a coincidence. A coincidence that didn’t make me happy.

My friend and I watched the sun go down and the fluorescent lights turn on. The big, booming voice on the speakers said, “The park is closing in half an hour!”

Then my friend said, “Life is short; just try this roller coaster and I promise you won’t regret it!” This was the wisest thing I had ever heard her say so I decided to do it. “I’m so excited!” she said and I guess you could say I was too.

We both got on the very back seat. When we got up the first hill, I felt I was on the top of the world. We plummeted down. For a brief moment, I felt as if my lunch would end up on the people’s laps that were in front of us. I screamed like an angry baby as we went around two loops.

The ride was finally done. To my surprise, I liked it!

“Let’s go on it again!” I yelled excitedly. “I think once is enough,” said my friend with a pale face and nauseous smile.

Now, I’m not sure, but I think she was the one that was scared!!”

Moral: You should always try new things if you get a chance, because you might like them! In fact, I’m almost absolutely sure you will!”

The End

## MHO-01

Well my most memorable teacher is my third grade teacher cause she was all ways there and the way she thought and the fact was that she was my first black teacher she just had us do stuff that we never did at school before and she just made you want to learn we played learning games and things of that sort and she just made me want to learn how to write in cursive and do better print and my other most memorable teacher is Ms. Rainwater she taught art and she always told us to draw how we felt





## MHO-02

A memory that is very important to me is the memory of my Uncle Fred on Halloween when he dresses up like a pumpkin. I sort of felt sorry for him because he couldn't sit down. The suite was paper. Orange and green paper.

The stem had a little hole for the face. His feet had green paper wrapped around them he was the biggest pumpkin I've ever saw and I was dressed up like a Mummy. I'll try to remember my relatives. Aunt Becky was the Tooth ferry, Mom was a belly dancer, Dad was a mad scintist, Grandma was a witch and Granpa was a Warlock and that's all I can remember about costumes. There was a ton of food and everyone had a wonderful time.



## An Evening in July (MHO-03)

It was a warm summer evening in July. I had just gotten home from an eight day bike trip through the breathtaking Canadian San Juans and was exhausted. My brother Tim, who had also gone on the trip, and I slowly walked up our back porch stairs, through the kitchen, and into the living room, where we collapsed into our favorite easy chairs. The sun had melted our brains hours earlier, reflecting on the past week.

We hadn't been sitting there long when my mother and father came into the room and sat down opposite us. My brother and I instantly knew something was up just by the way my parents looked. My father's eyes were like two small pools, sparkling under a blazing sun, and my mother was beaming. They could hardly sit still. I looked over at my brother who looked back at me with eyebrows raised. Adrenalin began bubbling up inside me and I felt as though I would burst unless one of them would begin to talk. Finally my mother began to speak.

"While you guys were gone on your trip, we received a phone call." Her voice was trembling a bit as she continued, "It was a woman from the Little Green division of Sebastian International." As soon as she said the words "little green," my memory flew back to the prior spring when my brother and I had written a song together for his Spanish Class.

It had all happened late at night. My brother was desperately trying to come up with lyrics for a melodic guitar part he had been working on all evening. He finally gave up and came knocking at my bedroom door, where I was also struggling with my homework. He asked me if I would conjure up some meaningful lyrics for his project that was due the next day. I declined. However, after much persuasion and a few guilt trips, I found myself in my brother's room, scribbling down phrase after phrase.

Within forty-five minutes we had completely finished and recorded the song. My brother then informed me that his teacher would be entering all of the projects into a contest held by Sebastian's Little Green department. The contest was world-wide and the winners from each category were sent, all expenses paid, to one of the rainforests of the world. I joked with my brother saying, "You better not take all the credit for this song because when it wins, I want to go to the rainforest too."

My mother went on, "The woman from Sebastian told us that the two of you have written an amazing song, so amazing in fact that you will be the first ever brother-sister team to have won the Sebastian Little Green Contest. You guys are going to Costa Rica!"

I practically fell out of my chair. I looked over at my brother whose mouth was hanging open in complete and total bewilderment. I began to scream with absolute joy: I couldn't believe it. I looked at my parents who were smiling, their eyes gleaming. I ran to my brother and threw my arms around his neck. We were going to Costa Rica!



## Harder Than You Think (MHO-04)

I walk up the hill with my friends, then turn into our cul-de-sac, go to the front door, put the key in the lock, turn, and step in. The house breathes a kind of spooky hello as I set my books down and go to the kitchen where the inevitable note is waiting: "Have a snack. Be home soon. I love you." As I'm munching cookies, I think how I'd like to go out and shoot a few hoops if I had someone to do it with. You can play Nintendo by yourself but it isn't the same. So I forget that for now. I should be doing my Spanish homework anyway. Too bad I don't have an older brother or sister to help conjugate all those dumb verbs. I could call a friend, but if I had a brother or sister, I'd have a built-in friend.

When I'm feeling sorry for myself, I hear my friends Denise and Kevin across the street. She's screaming bloody murder because he is throwing leaves in her hair and threatening to put a beetle in her backpack. She has just stepped on his new Nikes. I do not have these squabbles. I guess the big advantage, if you call it that, to being an only child is my room is my own, nobody "borrows" my CDs or my books or my clothes. I also get a bigger allowance than I probably would if I had siblings. My parents take me everywhere, from the mall to the East Coast. Maybe they wouldn't if they had other kids. (On the other hand, it would be more fun going if I had someone my own age.)

All these great advantages are over shadowed by one big disadvantage, though, and it's the main reason I would change things if I could. When you are an only child, your parents depend on you to be the big success all the time. You are their big hope, so you cannot fail. You have to be good at sports, popular, and have good grades. You need a career goal. You have to have neat hair and clothes that look pressed. You have to have good grammar, clean socks, good breath, and table manners. If you've ever felt jealous of somebody who is an only child, don't. It's a lot of pressure. I often wish for a little screw-up brother my parents could worry about for a while.

So—while having a neat room with nothing disturbed is great, I'd take a brother or a sister in a minute if I could. The big irony is, if I had that mythical brother or sister, I would probably be wishing myself an only child again the first time my baseball shirt didn't come back or my stereo got broken. Life is like that. What you don't have always seems to be what you want.



## MHO-05

Exercising is a good way to stay in shape. To do this you must start out at a pace that is right for you. There are many kinds of techniques for exercising. Here are two examples pf exercising, running and aerobics.

Aerobics is a fun way to exercise. You can get into an aerobics class at a gym or just buy a tape and do it at home. Before you start the full aerobic exercise you should do a warm-up, to stretch your muscles. If you don't do a warm-up you can pull a muscle or injure yourself. After doing the warm-ups you can begin the aerobics. Don't over exert yourself, maintain a level that is right for you. Once you have done the aerobics for about twenty minutes, you must then do a cool down to bring your heart rate back down at a steady pace.

Another form of exercising is running. Most people enjoy running more than aerobics. It is more convenient for most people. You can run in the morning, the middle of the day or in the evening. The only precaution to running is, always run with a partner, especially in the evening many people have gotten killed, running alone. Running can be a fun exercise. But like aerobics, you must stretch before doing them and don't over exert yourself.

Both of these exercising techniques are fun and will keep you in good shape if you do them at least three times a week.



# Scores

## Organization

Paper #	Score
EO-01 .....	2/3
EO-02 .....	4/4
EO-03 .....	3+/4
EO-04 .....	1/2
EO-05 .....	4+5
EO-05 .....	1/2
MHO-01 .....	2/2
MHO-01 .....	4+/5
MHO-03 .....	5/5
MHO05 .....	3/3



# VOICE

## Sample Papers and Suggested Uses







# What It Means to be Grown Up

Being grown up doesn't mean to do whatever you want, it means to make wise decisions.

When you grow up, you should probably move out of your parents house even though they'll be probably calling you twenty-four hours a day just checking on you and asking if you want to come over for dinner.

Then you get a job that will pay off the bills and have enough money left over for other things. And it would be smart to get a doctor and insurance.

If you meet someone you love and really want to get married make sure its not a mainiac because marrying one of those people could get you in a lot of trouble.

When you decide to have kids be prepared! They'll probably be begging you for money to go shopping. If you have a boy the house will be a mess. I have a brother, I know. When they are teenagers make sure they go to school because they'll try to skip school if they can get away with it, and if you let them borrow the car don't be so sure they'll bring all of it back home.

When you think you're old don't think you are because you probably have thirty or fourty more years left, and that's what it means to be grown up.

Grade 3





When I was 7 years old I was with my brother and his friends. Mik, Mark, and my brother and we were in the creek behind my house. We were building a tree fort and Mark was in the fort. He had a pair of pliers in his hand and I was on the ground. He was going to drop the pliers on the ground because he did not need them any more. I was in his way so he said, "move back" and I did. He kept on saying, thought I "move back" and I moved back a lot but when he dropped the pliers they stuck into my knee. I yelled, "dry blood." My brother Michael picked me up and he brought me to my dad and he had to yank them out. I had to get 30 stitches. I was almost paralyzed in my right leg, it was so close! I got to go home after, but I went back the next day for a check up to hitting my shins. This was the summer time in June the 15, 1991. I could not walk for 2 weeks.

Grade 3

# One Day I Was Riding

One day I was riding my bike. A guy came up to me.

He chased me into a dark alley. I rode it fast and he stopped to rest.

I went home and caught the police. They caught the guy.

Grade 5

You want me to tell you what I expected of high school and how my expectations compare to reality? Ha! You're going to love this. If I was gambling in Las Vegas, all of my money would be gone in half an hour. I was that far off. So why don't I just shut up about it already!? Well.....Here we go....

Okay, for starters, I was scared. Scared that some giant mutated form of life called a senior would walk up to me and jack me upside the head for some barbaric reason known only to him. Well....I soon found out that seniors aren't giants, and they aren't all that mutated. They're only sort of mutated. And also, if one came up to you and jacked you upside the head, you'd know why. Usually, seniors won't mess with you unless you really screw up and make them unhappy. (The key word is "usually." There's always that unpredictable exception who reminds you of Jack Nicholson on acid.) So, I haven't gotten the crap kicked out of me yet, but I've still got another year and a half to go before I get the immense pleasure of tormenting the sophomores and juniors all to Hell...

Here's another wrong guess! I thought that the classes would be really really REALLY hard. I was wrong. They're only really hard. Everyone told me that my grades would drop dramatically once I started high school. I wonder what I'm doing wrong? My grades have actually gotten better. Weird, huh? I guess that I'm just about the only normal person out of three generations of morons...

The appearance of the school really freaked me out too. I figured that it would look like a mental institution, with padded walls and doors that only open from the outside. I couldn't have been more wrong. The joint looks more like an office building than anything. And padded walls...Ha! They don't even have soft chairs in this place, much less walls that you can bounce a watermelon off of...

My idea of the halls in a high school was always one of a gigugic (ji hyooj ik) boxing ring. I thought that fights happened just about four or five times a day. Well, this high school is trying to change all that...and they're succeeding too. Most schools just give you a couple hours' worth of detention when you get busted for fighting. Wow. That will really get me to stop defending myself, George. But this place...man! To put it bluntly, they discipline the bejesus out of you. Three days vacation, man! I mean, that's pretty heavy for a shovving match.

Well, that's about it for my expectations. I've got one more left and it's right, believe it or not! But, I think that this is true for just about every school in the universe. The place needs to lighten up. The authority just plain comes down on you too hard. Here's a quick scenario for you to consider...you're home sick. Your parents forget to call in for you. Boom! Unexcused absence. That means one day in school suspension when you get back. It wasn't your fault, but nobody cares. But here's the part that doesn't make any sense. Instead of missing out on one day's classwork, you'll miss out on two. I mean, is school for learning or just so the authority can have a good time with the people below them? I just don't know...

So, in case you couldn't tell, high school was almost the exact opposite of what I thought it'd be. But I thought that I did pretty good though. Take it from someone who has the luck of a black cat that got smashed by a falling piano on Friday the 13<sup>th</sup>, one out of nine or ten ain't bad!




November 1, 1995

Dear Sir or Madam,

I have heard that you are looking for a Seawomen. I know that I am the person you are looking for. I am qualified for the job. I am creative, positive, honest person with self-discipline and motivation. I am enthusiastic about everything I do. I am recently taking a marine technology course at O.S.C. This class has taught me navigation and seaman skills. I know different types of knots, nettings, boat safety rules and regulations and love learning new things daily. This job will be a great way for me to learn and improve new skills. Thank you for your time.

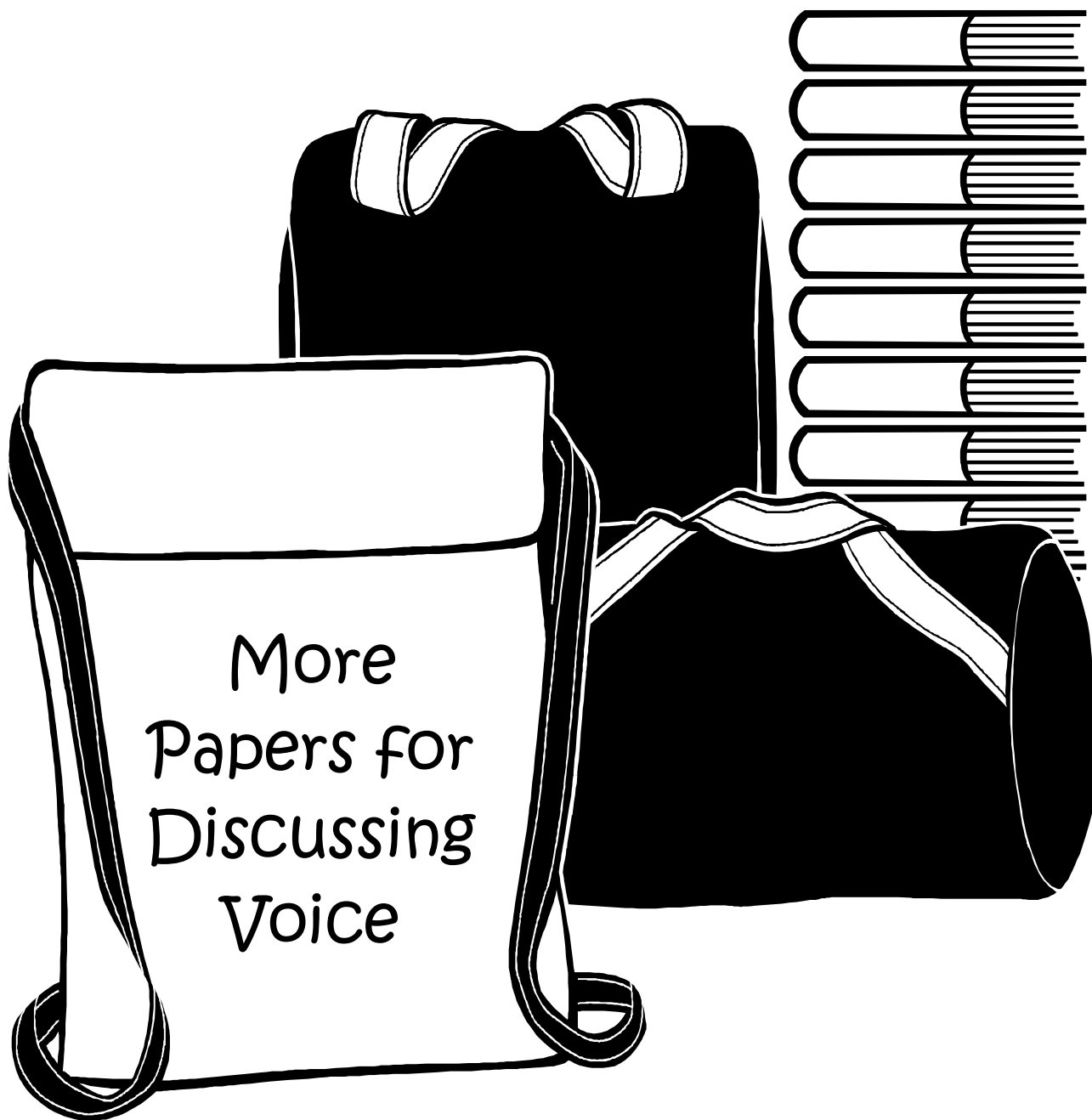




It should be as low as 15 year of age. In other states like Mississippi the age limit is 15 year old to get your license. They should give the same opportunity to other people in other states to get their license at 15. If they don't get it they can try letter they have a lot of time to get it.

# Voice Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<p><b>What it Means to be Grown Up</b> <b>Voice score: 4/5</b></p> <p>Writing with strong voice reaches out and grabs the reader, engaging him on an emotional level. This piece sure has voice! It is written as advice to you, the reader. Phrases like “make sure its not a mainiac” and “be prepared” help establish the comical tone that works so well. Encourage students to discuss which details grab their attention and make them think about how kids behave with their parents</p>	<p><b>You want me to tell you what I</b> <b>Voice score: 5</b></p> <p>The content of this piece is occasionally on the “mature” side, but we couldn’t resist including it in the strong voice category. Talk about engaging! For anyone who has felt the slightest trepidation about entering high school, the piece is for you. The writer maintains the exaggerated but hilarious tone throughout the piece. Phrases like “Weird, huh?” and “You’re going to love this” keep the reader involved in the conversation.</p>
<b>Developing</b>	<p><b>When I was 7 years old I was</b> <b>Voice score: 3</b></p> <p>This writer is wworking with personal insight, and there are moments when the reader might even wince at the thought of having pliers in his knee. Still, those moments are not consistent or even predominant throughout the piece. It is tempting to over-score voice when the subject of a piece of writing includes an emotional subject for the writer, but with the trait of voice, the key issue concerns how well it involves the reader.</p>	<p><b>November 1, 1995</b> <b>Voice Score: 3+</b></p> <p>Formal writing with strong voice is difficult to come by, but that doesn’t make it less important! Think of yourself as an employer. Does this cover letter for a job application reach out and capture your attention? Does it stand out from any other letter? A job application probably isn’t the best place to experiment with sarcasm or soul bearing, but the writer needs to set herself apart from the pack and convince the employer that this job is hers alone.</p>
<b>Beginning</b>	<p><b>One Day I Was Riding</b> <b>Voice score: 1</b></p> <p>This could be such a gripping story! Unfortunately, it is so undeveloped that the writer’s voice never has a chance to emerge. This paper would make a great revision exercise, as any student could imagine the terror of being chased by a stranger. Help them practice how to draw a reader and share these emotions</p>	<p><b>It should be as low as 15 years</b> <b>Voice score: 1</b></p> <p>Hello? Anyone there? Even with such a potentially fruitful topic, this piece falls flat. The writer doesn’t seem to be writing to any audience other than the piece of paper. Encourage students to decide on an audience for this paper (parents? legislators? teens?) and brainstorm supporting arguments designed to win that specific audience over. Discuss what appropriate voice would be for the different audiences and how a writer might achieve that tone.</p>





# My Shotty Day

One day when I was supposed to get my shots at the doctor's office, I kept on pulling (or trying to) my dad back to the car. I definitely didn't want to bet my shots. But I kind of knew that I had to get my shots. On my first shot, I yelped and screamed constantly. I think it was my tetnis shot. After my third shot they took my weight. So then they gave me another shot. They thought that if I held onto a smaller version of a Garfield stuffed animal, that it wouldn't hurt as much when they inject the shot. NOT TRUE! In fact, I think it hurt even more. I think I got eight shots total. 7 in my arm and 1 in my thumb. Boy! Was I screaming! I felt like I had to vomit because it hurt so much (although I didn't)! Instead they gave me some delicious scrummpscious Tylenol. The worst thing about it was, on the very same day I got my shots, I went to my grandparents' house. I guess the shots made me very sleepy because when I got to my grandparent's house, I was fast asleep. When I woke up, I needed more Tylenol. I needed to rest a little. My grandparents have a pet that is a female German Sheperd. But luckily she didn't bark. Whew! That was quite a day. It was one of the worst days of my life. My arm ached like a heavy weight was on it. And my thumb couldn't even move. My arm and thumb hurt the whole day. Even worse, they got the shots right on the nerve. I wish there was such a thing as something like a pill that has the same stuff as a shot has. We'd just have to eat the pill and wash it down with water. Then I wouldn't have to go through such HORRIBLE PAIN!!!

Grade 3



## Edgar Allan Poe (EV-02)

edgar is a strange guy. Becaus he likes real spooky stuff, and Cause he seems to have peeple dying a lot, a spased-out man.


Today I think jim jones and Edgar have alot in common, they are both sickies, don't you see?

I liked the storie about that pit and the big axe (it's a penjulem or something). My little sister shud read this storie, she shold no what I mite do if she pushes me to far...HA ha.

The End

Grade 3





## Football (EV – 03)

I played football. I don't know why. All I did is just run around. I didn't even tried to get the ball.

To me, football is really, well, I don't know what to say. For example, my friend begged me to play football. I tried. I ran around the field. Now that's really big to me.

After school, my firend Mindy and I played catch with football. I threw it as hard as I can. It was about seven feet. Mindy threw it like what she usually do. It was twelve feet. I tried to catch the ball. Ah, I was so unlucky, the ground was slippery! I slept. Ah, I had another bad luck! I slept into a big hole! (which my little sister had digged.) Well, I had a hard time trying not to cry.

Mindy left. I was depressed. I didn't' do anything but just fool around.

Next day , at recess, I played football again. Of course, I didn't wanted to play, but, Mindy begged me. "Uh Oh the ball's coming on my side". I thought, "I have to catch it and run" Well, I catched the ball, but I didn't dare to run. I was just too upset.

My team lost. I felt so embarrassed, I thought everyone will blame one me, I thought no one will pick me on their team again. Nice try said someone. I felt like they're teasing me or something. But I knew they weren't.

Well, this is what happened. I don't think that I am a bad football player, but I just get too embarrass and upset. I just don't give myself a try. Now, someone might have been laughing at this paper, but playing football is really big to me.

Grade 5

## The Bus, and the Scissors (EV—094)

Once there was a pair of scissors and a bus. I controlled the scissors, the bus driver drove the bus. I hopped on the bus. I wasn't really thinking and so Hung and I cut the seat on the bus with my scissors. the bus driver didn't notice until we got to school.

I remembered it because I saw other seats and were just taped up, but Hung and I had to pay \$40.00 each. Tape must be expensive.

Grade 5



## Cockatiels and Timber Wolves (EV—05)

There are a lot of birds and dogs but the timber wolf and The cockatual are the most interesting ones to me. A wolf is a kind of dog but is not a pet like a dog is. Cockatiels are a little expensive.

The Timber wolf has a den in the rocky mountains and the heavy wooded regions of Canada. Cockatiels live in cages in our out of houses.

Cockatiels look like they have a funny hairdo and there color can be green, gray and more. A wolf looks like a large dog.

A wolf is a carnivor so they eat meat. Cockatiel are not carnivores so they eat bird seed.

Cockatiels play on the cage's bars and hangs upside down. A wolf plays with other wolfs and sometimes they Chase game for fun.

I like cockatiel the best because there pretty colors and not dangras.

Grade 3





January 19 (MHV-01)

My mother is a feisty woman who argues with cashiers and plumbers and generally gets her way. My brother and I don't like to go with her to fast food restaurants because she invariably fights with the teenager at the cash register and ends up calling the manager. Although this drives my family crazy, I think we respect her for standing up for herself and not letting anyone push her around.

There was exactly one time I was afraid she might lose a fight. This October, across an oval dinner table, my mother told us she had breast cancer. I remember looking down at the chicken leg on my plate and realizing it would go uneaten.

We wobbled to the living room. My Mother arranged my brothers, father, and me on the couch and put herself on the piano stool so she could see us all at once. I felt posed, like for a portrait. And my mother was not going to be in that portrait. We cried for three hours.

Then my brother retreated into the television and my mother and father went to their room. I didn't know what to do. I don't mean that I didn't know what to do to make things better or what to do to survive the next few weeks that would encompass her mastectomy. I mean I didn't know what to do with the rest of the evening. Ordinary activities seemed grossly inappropriate, and unusual activities required more than I had to give. I was cried out, talked out, and wrung out. All I felt was a giant vacuum where my guts had been. I couldn't remember what I'd been like the day before.

I spent the rest of the evening rereading my sixth grade diary. It was funny to recognize myself on the pages. While the spelling and handwriting had changed over the years, the flow, sentence structure, idea associations, and feelings were all unmistakably me. I read until I fell asleep.

When she awoke in the recovery room, my mother heard a nurse complaining she was getting the flu. She asked the nurse to put on a mask before approaching. The nurse became nasty, and my mother took her name. When they wheeled her to us, she was furious. She had explained the whole fight in nearly the same way she had recounted horror stories involving plumbers or auctioneers. That's when I knew she was going to be all right. And she is.

Oct./1/1990 (MVH—02)

It is 7:45 AM I was deer hunting I walked in the meadow. I heard something and I looked and it was a deer. It was a four point buck I tride to get closer and it started to move. So I pulled back the hammer and I puled the trigger and I hit it. When I hit it it jumped up and then fell down. I started to walk towards the deer it jumped up and ran away I tried to track it down. I wish I was using my 30.06 I would of got it then. I fallowed the blood trial as far as I could but I could not find it. So I kept on hunting. That same day I saw four deer one of them was the one I shot that morning so I shot it this time and it ran on privet land and layed down and died so I went on the land to get it but the owner would not let me get it and I said it is a law you have to. He took the deer so I went and got a police officer and I told him the hole story and he went up and told that man to give back my deer. He said but iv gutted it out and I skined it. And the police officer asked him who shot it and he said the kid did. So he gave it back to me. And I won the big buck contest that I enterd. They took my picther and put it in the newspaper. THE END



## MHV—03

Dianna Hass, my 6<sup>th</sup> grade teacher is one teacher who is truely memorable to me. She was one of the greatest teachers that I have had. She taught me a lot of things when I was with her, and she is still teaching me till this day. She taught me the 6<sup>th</sup> grade education, but she also taught me about nature and about life. Mrs. Hass had her own way of teaching.

When I was in her 6<sup>th</sup> grade, I was always the quiet student. I had a best friend, but I didn't have many friends. Mrs. Hass became my friend, she became that friend that filled those empty spaces. I remember how she always encouraged me to do my best. Try new things. When I had a question ask it, because there are no stupid questions.

That year my best friend and I were the "teacher's pet." She would always ask us to run errands, or clean her classroom. Anything that she needed to be done, we would be eager to do it. She would always make sure our work was finished before we would do those things. When we had trouble in a subject she would get us a tutor.

One of the things I remember and admire about her, is that she would let you be you, she would let us be creative. Never limiting our minds. During the winter season Mrs. Hass let my best friend and I decorate the bulletin board that was in the back of the room. Mrs. Hass wanted us to create a winter mural, she let us choose what we wanted it to look like. I was really proud with our mural. Mrs. Hass gave me a chance to do something that I could be proud of.

The last day of the 6<sup>th</sup> grade was very difficult for me, because I had become so attached to my friend Mrs. Hass. Not only was I leaving the 6<sup>th</sup> grade, I was leaving her. Of course I cried, but things weren't as bad as I thought they were. In fact, things began to get better. The next day, Mrs. Hass took me and my best friend out to lunch. This was a kind of reward for helping her to get her room ready for next year. That day we had a good time and we exchanged phone numbers.

Now I call her almost every week. When she needs help doing something, she knows that she can always count on me. I don't go to church, but I do help out with her church day care. She is the one that I always call when ever I have a problem, and she always helps me out. Mrs. Hass has been a roll model in my life that I have looked up to, and that is what makes her so memorable.

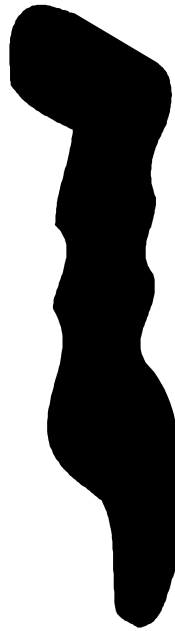




MHV – 04

I like to keep myself physically fit because I believe that I would enjoy my life better when I am grown up and fit.

I keep myself fit by playing basketball at least 3 times a week for about 3 hours each. I also exercise every day and eat good.



## MHV – 05

At the young age of 13, I participated on a dance team called Dance Force. Our main purpose was to compete against other teams, and once a year, we would go to a convention named L.A. Danceforce. Each time we went, it was held in the same place; the Red Lion Hotel in Bellevue. Our instructor would place us in different workshops depending on our ability, and in those classes would be where we would learn new types of dances that we could bring back to our teams. We learned many lyrical, hip-hop, funky, drill, and ballet routines.

At the end of the week, anybody who wanted to had the chance to sign up and try out to win a 2-week scholarship to a dance studio in Los Angeles. I signed up along with a myriad of other people from many different teams, just so I could have the experience. We then were divided up into smaller groups and were taught a routine about 4-8 counts long. We performed it in front judges and were told we would find out who won the scholarship during the awards ceremony later that night. The anticipation was the most fun. The feeling of “did I perform to my fullest” was racing around in my head like bees outside their hive.

I was proud of myself that I had tried something new. It would not have really mattered if I had not won, for I did not expect to. I knew I had done my best.

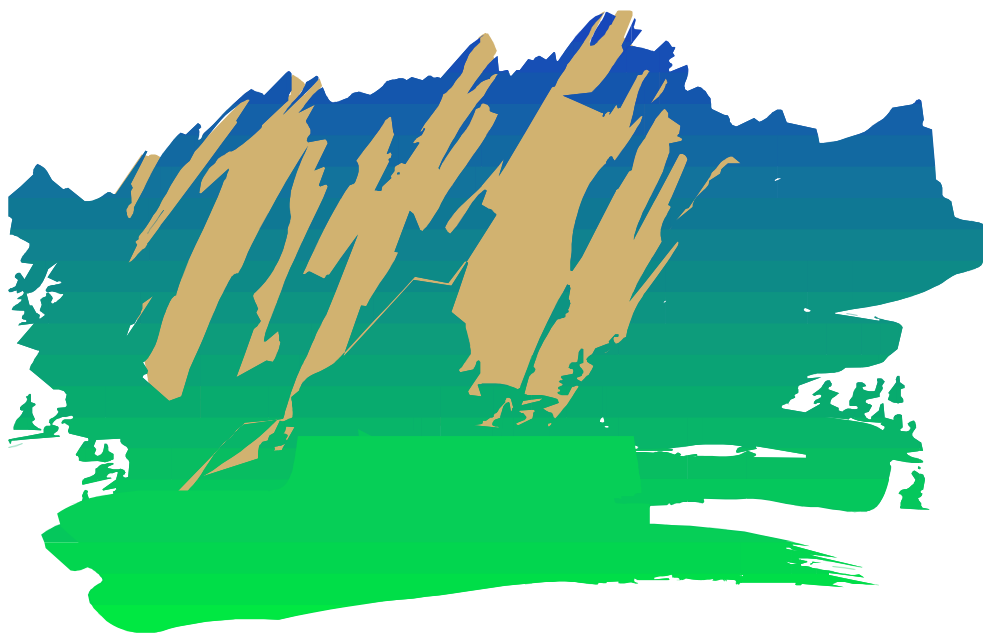
While at the ceremony, I honestly do not recall them calling my name. The other dancers on my team were screaming so loud, that was probably why. I could not fathom that I had actually won! The pride that I felt at that moment still has never been topped. Unfortunately, I never made it down to Los Angeles, but what a compliment it was to know I was good enough. I still continue my dancing because of that day.


# Voice Scores

Paper #	Score
EV-01	5/5
EV-02	3/4
EV-03	3+/3+
EV-04	3/3
EV-05	2/3
MHV-01	5/5
MHV-02	2/2
MHV-03	4/5
MHV-04	1/1
MHV-05	4/4

# WORD CHOICE

## Sample Papers and Suggested Uses





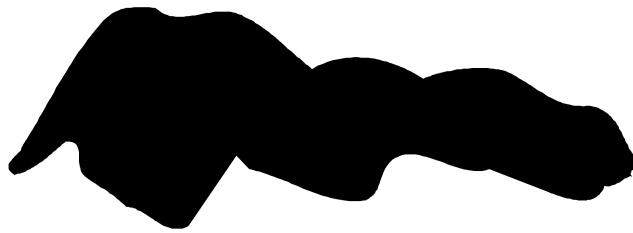
If there happened to be one thing in this land to change, I would probably change the confusing, weird rules and properties of algebra. I have many arguments in favor of this movement.

Sit back and take a look at yourself in junior high struggling to grasp just WHAT the commutative property actually is! and what the whole point of having it was. Personally, I wish I did know what the basic principles of the commutative property are. There are hundreds of other queer and mystifying rules that apply to algebra and appear to make no sense what-so-ever. For instance: if a negative number plus a negative number makes a positive number—what do two negative numbers plus a positive number make?

I believe that a group of scientists should get together and come up with and unveil a much simpler number system. This mathematics plan would have nothing like  $2a+74=36$ —what is “a”? Keep mathematics simple!

If I were in charge of inventing a new number system, I would eliminate negative integers, take out material like finding what x,y,z and b are in an equation eight inches long. Who ever heard of ordering 7x yards of plywood on -3 two-by-fours?

My conclusion is abolish all properties that only three percent of the populace are able to understand. Algebra? It's for the birds! I wish I could wring the neck of that despicable individual who invented it. Say “see-ya!” to algebra and the world will be free of crying students because they didn't know what the heck they were learning.



I will never forget my uncle Jhon he loved airplanes just like me but when he died my mom was there. He died at 3:30 in the morning. When my mom got home around 6:00 a.m. and she told me what happened. "He died"! That's what she said. I wish I could spare my life for his. I remember 3 nights before Christmas my mom told us something about Jhon. My mom told her mom that she was going to buy a T-shirt for her at Christmas. But my uncle said "It's not ok for a 74 year old woman to have a t-shirt". But my grandma said, "It would be a new experience for me. Even though Jhon said not to get her one my mom got her one.

He was a nice guy and I loved him. He was buried on a Friday in January and I have seen his pilot's license but I have never seen his airplane. We are looking for his will but we still haven't found it. Some times I wonder if there is a will maybe there is maybe there isn't a Will but I don't know if there is or isn't and sometimes I wonder he is happy up there in the sky with the twins and my grampa. But I loved him and that's what counts.

The End

Grade 5

## I learnd outside of School.

I learned Kickball that is funner than Basaeball is funner than Basketball is funner t6han Football is funner than Leap the Frog is funner than Fire drills is Carnivals is funner than Clubs is funner then Rules is funner then Tickets are bodder than C.P.R. I learnd Kickball when I was 6 years old. I learnd baseball when I was 4 years old. I learnd Basaketball when I was 7 years old.



Grade 4

# In the Basement



The light flickered twice, caught, and held. Sam stood at the top of the ancient wooden staircase, his eyes wide, staring down into the opaque shadows cast by the unshaded bulb above his head. The glaring light from the ancient fixture ended at the threshold that squatted at the foot of the stairs. Beyond the gaping wooden frame was thick, almost tangible darkness. Sam looked down, nervously peering into the cracks in the rotting steps. Nothing stirred in the dusty darkness. Silence so intense that even his ears could not detect any sound slid around him, pushing a knifelike sliver of fear into his soul.

Mr. Harrison stood before the class, scanning their faces with eyes hardened by years of cynicism and cruelty. The wrinkles on his own reddened face trembled. "I need someone to go down to the basement and get some floor wax. Who wants to go?"

At the mention of the basement, Sam felt the first tingling spark of fear in his consciousness. The basement! The staircase! He frantically blocked the images the clawed at the borders of his mind. He would **not** remember!

Mr. Harrison's face moved stealthily over the classroom. His eyes found Sam. Sam's eyes were glazed, as if he were fighting some titanic inner conflict. Only Mr. Harrison knew what had happened to Sam on that January night—only he had heard Sam's thin wail of fear as he entered the basement. His face twisted into a smile.

"Sam, would you get the wax, please?" Sam's head snapped up. He struggled to break the grip of the silence forced on him since birth—born without his tongue. Sam's lungs convulsed, trying to force out a sound of fear, of refusal, of anything. He met Mr. Harrison's gaze—and saw the truth.

He knew that Mr. Harrison would make him suffer if he refused. Sam rose from his seat and walked to the door. "Thank you, Sam." He nodded and stepped into the hall.

Now he stood at the top of those abhorred stairs, his heart pounding. His preternaturally acute hearing detected Mr. Harrison's droning voice, the automobiles outside, the song of a bird—and the paralyzing silence from the staircase and portal below.

That silence frightened him more than any sound.

As he lifted his foot, a single note emanated from the straining planks. The note quivered for a moment in the still air, then fell—was sucked down—into the doorway below. Silence. Sam stepped down.

Chaos! A cacophony of shrieks rose around him, squirming away into the cracks in the ancient walls. Sam closed his eyes, silently battling the scream that he felt rising within him. The groans from the boards swooped around him, one by one returning to the unhallowed unknown beneath the staircase. Sam opened his eyes, trembling. The light bulb flickered. He fought the primal urge to turn and run from the horrendous cries of the tortured staircase and the



more horrendous silence of the basement below. Sam's hands clenched convulsively, cold sweat filling his palms. He lifted his other foot slowly, trying to avoid that single unbearable creak. He shifted his weight. Darkness swirled in the portal below. Slowly, slowly his foot descended...

SCREECH! The demoniac chorus swarmed up once more, surrounding him. Again he closed his eyes, but this time his feeble struggle against the rising shrieks was futile. The screams swelled, redoubled, and ascended, approaching that final climax at which point Sam knew that he would go insane. The increasing sound—louder—louder—**LOWER!**



This is when I was in elementary school I had a teacher name Mr. Hal he would never let me get of task if I did get of task he would yell at me. At recess time he would get a group of kids together he would pick teams and play softball he would really make us play hard as we can he taught us how to make model hydroplanes and would go to a lake for a couple of hours and if you build yours right it would have not reason to sink. he was a teacher and a model he would show us some of the photos he had took.



# Should High School Students Work After School?

I feel that kids need jobs after school to an extent. I think that it should be a requirement that if your not in an afterschool activities such as sports, Dance team (rhythmette), or flag team. This would help them out in several different ways, Also they would have no time for magnanimous. One way this would help their physical condition while they're learning something new and different. The requirements that colleges are looking for which subsequently makes the college application jump out with effloresce. Then who can give you a scholarship won't feel remorse for the people he/she had to turn down. For the females college is something to do after high school so they don't get into harlotry. Then the girls won't feel ignominious when they come home and their parents ask how was it. They students can come back from college and feel no irreproachment.

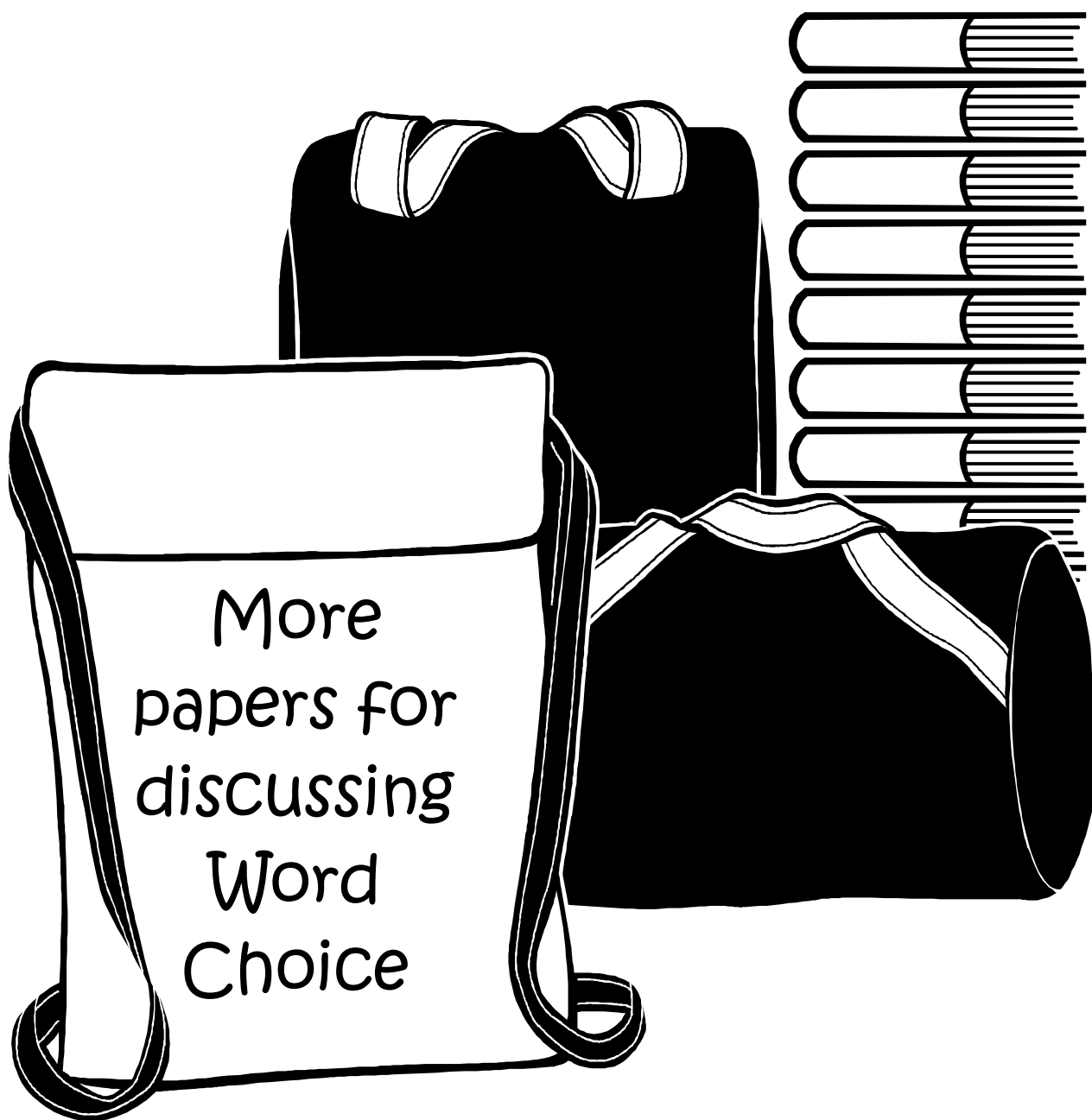
If during school (High School) they get somnolent or sick this would be the only time the could go home without work or practice.

Most people find that they would be at sonnet or writing poetry. This means when they go to college they be a sonneteer. Some could be a Marine Biologist and study Spoinose fish or fish with spines. All in all I think students should look to the future.



# Word Choice Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<p><b>If there happened to be one thing</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 5</b>            Strong word choice is achieved through the precise selection of exactly the right words for a given message. The challenge is to use highly specific language without ending up sounding like a thesaurus. There are several places in this piece with striking word choice that fit just right: eliminate negative integers abolish all properties struggling to grasp</p>	<p><b>In the Basement</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 5</b>            Talk about a linguistic tour de force! Striking words and phrases leap out from around every corner in this piece, adding to the sense of impending dread and yes, even to the occasionally hard to follow story line. “Darkness swirled in the portal below.” You Can’t beat that with a stick!</p>
<b>Developing</b>	<p><b>I will never forget my uncle Jhon</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 3</b>            The language of the piece is functional, but it sure doesn’t go very far in capturing the true feelings of the writer (“He was a nice guy and I loved him.”) Imagine how a little work on precise language would enrich not only the word choice, but the voice at the same time. Repetitive word choice is also a problem; “said” and “told” appear in the first paragraph seven times, and the second paragraph uses “will” three times in quick succession.</p>	<p><b>This was when I was in elementary</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 3</b>            Every once in a while, it doesn’t hurt to throw a complex piece of writing at a well-seasoned group of scorers to see just how closely they are paying attention. This paper clearly has problems with conventions and fluency, so the reader has to look closely to separate out word choice issues. What do you see? “He would” and “he” are repeated quite frequently. For the most part, however, the paper reads like a draft in which no attention has been paid to refining the language. It’s adequate, but it sure isn’t exciting.</p>
<b>Beginning</b>	<p><b>I learned outside of school</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 1/2</b>            It’s pretty easy to spot the problems in this piece—it’s redundant, and it sure repeats itself a lot too! Revising for word choice should probably wait until more work has been done on ideas and content.</p>	<p><b>Should High School Students Work After School?</b>  <b>Word Choice score: 1/2</b>            Huh? Looks like someone got too cozy with a thesaurus! Papers like this are wonderful teaching tools. Students get a kick out of recognizing and revising the incorrectly used words, and the activity serves as a great reminder for the importance of keeping language natural.</p>



# I had 2 Invisible Killers in My Bedroom (EWC-01)

There I was only seven years old, leaning out of my bedroom window. I was waiting for my friend, Nikki, to come over. My imagination was running wild. Suddenly, I smiled because there it was...the idea!...forming right there in my little first-grade head.

"Nikki! Nikki!" I shouted when she came running up the driveway. She ran across the lawn until she was standing right in front of my window. Her shining, freckled face smiled as she greeted me.

"You had better stay back!" I warned her. "I've got two Doberman Pinchers in here, and they'll eat you up!"

Nikki's smile disappeared, and she stepped back.

"Stop it" I yelled, whirling around. "Get down!" Turning to Nikki, I said, "I'll be right back."

Ducking under my window, I began telling nothingness to lie down and be quiet. Then I began barking and growling as ferociously as I possibly could. "Heel!" I shrieked.

I hopped over to the window and said, "They're mad. I don't think they like you very much."

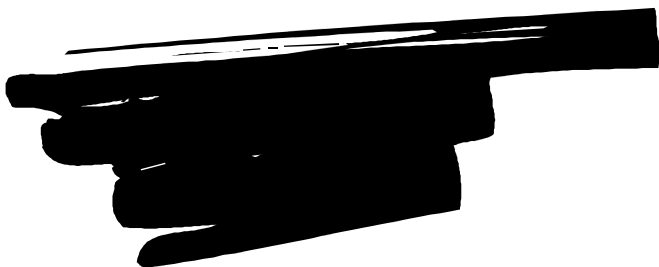
"Wh-what are there names?" Nikki asked. Her eyes were getting bigger and bigger all the time.

I knew she would ask this question, and I was well prepared. I had thought up the meanest, most dangerous sounding names I could. "Killer and Deadly," I whispered in my best scary voice. "Come on in. Maybe they'll learn to like you."

"No!" Nikki shrieked. Her face began to pucker and her eyes got red. "No! No! No!" The tears started flowing as she ran down the driveway.

"Nikki! Nikki!" I sobbed. "Come back! It was only a joke!" But it was too late. She was gone.

I flopped down on my bed and cried. At that very moment, I swore never to get another Doberman Pincher in my entire life.



Grade 4

## I Kissed a Frog (EWC-2)

It was just getting dark and my parents were gone for the night. I heard footsteps at the front door. When I looked out the peephole I saw no one. I looked again, this time there was a box. A box about the size of a shoe box but still there was no one in sight.

I opened the door and grabbed the box. I stood there for about a minute, in search of any sign of a person. When I didn't see anyone, I came back inside and set the box on the table. Just as I did I heard a "Thump"! "Thump"! The sound startled me at first, but, I soon recovered.

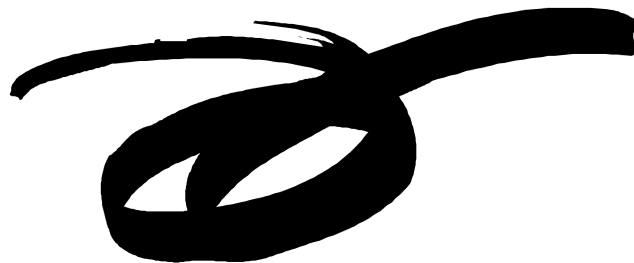
I opened the box cautiously. To my surprise I saw a "Frog"! What was a "frog" doing in a box at my house. Now this frog wasn't an ordinary frog, this frog was enormous, with thin slimy green skin and on the skin there were huge, lumpy warts.

I stood there staring at this frog, with my eyes wide and my mouth almost touching the ground. Then it leaped into the air. I didn't notice the frog because there was a note on the bottom of the box. The note said, "If you kiss me I will turn into a handsome boy and be your best friend forever."

Now I was only six at the time and still believed in fairy tails. I looked around the room for a green warted frog. When I didn't see one I started to cry. Then I started to wail.

Just when I thought it was gone forever the frog pounced back into its box. I skidded across the floor grabbing the frog. I looked at it and said, "What the heck!" I held it up and kissed it right on the lips.

Right as I did my parents jumped through the door laughing and screamed, "APRIL FOOLS!"



## A Trip to South Korea (EWC-03)

Today is a very important day. I am going to South Korea. By myself on an airplane. I am going there because I was born there and I want to see new things. But I might be scared because I'll be with new people I don't even know! I hope I see new things. But what if I don't speak their language. I'll try new things when I am there. What if I don't like their food! I think I'll be right even if they speak another language. Even if I don't like their food. I am still going to South Korea no matter what! But I am still a little worried. I'll get over it although I think I have one hour till I leave! I think I have one hour, bye! I just came back from South Korea it was great! Some people didn't speak a different language. Their food was great! I think the ride was a little long though But I had the best time of my life! I think I'll go next year too. But I don't think so because I don't like being alone in a strange place with people I don't even know. I am one of those people I guess. I hate to fly too. I think I'll ask my mom to try to find Korean food because I love Korean food it is great! Instead of really going again, I think I would just read about South Korea instead.



Grade 6



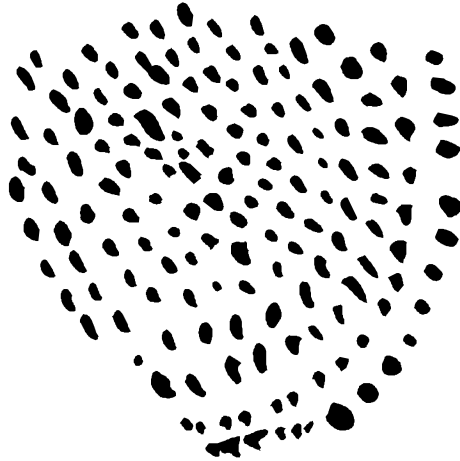
## EWC-04

I like my grandma's dog. She is funny and crazy. I like my dog. She is cool. Her fur is warm as a fireplace. I love her. I like her. And she like me too. I like my grandma's dog more than my Dad. And she like's me more than my grandma. She is fun and weird I love her. And she love's me too. She is nice and friendly. And she is prite. Sometimes my grandma get's mad at my dog.

Grade 3



EWC-05



Rain is your friend it sings to you win your glom It sas cheer up and wacth the dancers. They pot on a show. you git out a blanket and a glass of hot choclate! you sit and wacth the magici rain fall. As the rain folls to the grond it looks like ballerinas tywerling around and around. You hear the pitter pattar of the rain on the roof top.

You see mother eart smileing at you. rain is the tol to all life. With out rain the trees and grass and oter plants would die and if the plants die you die. so cheer win the world takes a sawer and ingowe the trees grass and oter plants. and the singing rain and danCing rain. so say hi to the sun an hello to the rain.

Grade 3

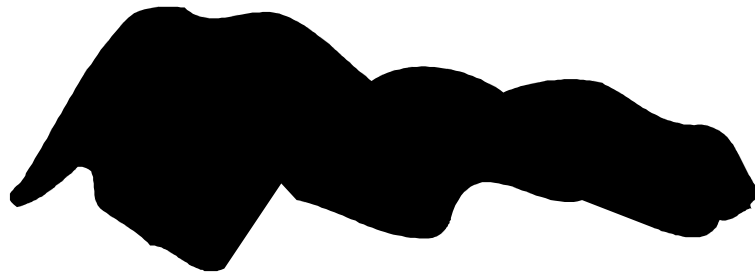
## The Sweet Smell of Garlic (MHWc-01)

When I rolled down the driveway and parked my car, my senses were still dull with sleep, but as my feet found the path I began to wake up to the world around me. The early morning mist still hung over the fields like a blanket and felt like tiny icicles in my lungs. I crossed the stream by the way of the creaky, dilapidated foot bridge and headed toward the barn. Several small Holstein calves ran out to greet me, but stopped short, and gave me a wary look. They seemed to be saying, "I know you, but don't trust you just now, so don't come near me too fast." Later they would let me reach out and scratch their budding horns. Their hair felt like smooth wires: smooth when I ran my head along the grain, but each individual hair would dig into my fingertips if I went against the nap.

Once in the barn, I filled my buckets with garlic from the towering racks that surrounded my work area, stationed myself near the large barn door and got down to work. It was my job to clove out and sort the nearly ten thousand pounds of garlic stored in the large barn. First I would split the outer layer of skin. If it was whole, it would make a pleasing cracking sound, and then I would break the clump in two. After that I would take half in my hand and single out one piece to check. A tough protective layer surrounded each individual clove and I slid my thumb along the seam to find the weak spot. The pad of my thumb soon became sore from this work. It felt as if someone had been sawing at it with a serrated edge. Next, I would pop out of the central stem and sort the rest of the clump according to size and quality.

A routine emerged; every day it was the same thing: fill the buckets, break them down, reach, break, sort, reach and so on. Boredom would set in, and the only things I would have to keep me company were the whirring fans that seemed to drone on and on. The fans were there to circulate the air and keep it cool and dry in the barn. To break the spell of monotony I would sometimes ease away from my hunched position and lazily watch the sun work its way through the cracks and notches in the boards. The dust soon filled the sunbeams and my mind likened the tiny particles to fairies dancing in an intricate and unpredictable ballet.

I would stand up to take a stretch, arching my back and pushing my arms into the air. My muscles would protest the movement from being stuck in the same position for several hours. They would jump and twist, making me feel as though I were a marionette attached to strings. I would reach toward my head to run my hands through my hair and swipe at the hair in my face, but the pungent odor would drive me out of my reveries and once again I would resume my labors.



## I Hate Traffic (MHC-02)

One day I got up late and I had an interview for a new job. I woked up around ten o'clock AM. Its better to be early to work to make an good apression for the managers. My appointment was at eleven o'clock AM. So I left my house around ten twente and headed to the freeway. I had to pass by downtown Seattle to go to University of Washington. It was about 10:35 and there was an accident around downtown freeway. Traffic started to get real bussy around 10:40 and I didn't want to be late. I hate traffic I should at left earlier. But police move the car that had an accident and I was on my way and I wasn't late. I made it.



## It Began Very Marvelous (MHC-03)

It began very marvelous the sun shown through the lazy clouds at sun up, the grass was glistening with dew. We set out to go to California at 5:00 in the morning.

Many stops were made before we even got out of the county. Heather always had to go to the restroom even when she never drank anything.

Well it was now noon and we had a delicious lunch in Redding and in a minute zoom we were off again. But know Heather had to make even more stops since after we ate lunch.

We were in Los Angeles in a luxury hotel unpacked unpacked and off always off to go someplace and do something.

Well while we were there we got several things and saw many exquisite and mysterious sites.

Things were going peachy but I never got to send any of the postcards or letters to my friends.

There was one thing that made this trip the best in my life and I would always remember it. It was that my parents were with me and not at work there were no phone calls and that was very rare. We were a family altogether having a wonderful time in Los Angeles, California, and nothing, nothing could bother us. But I knew after it was over and we were home my mother would be busy with work and my dad would be busy with work also and plans and telephone messages. But for this one wonderful week I had them both to myself. It started out marvelous and it ended up that way also.

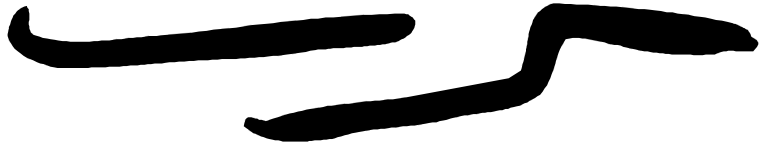
The End.



## MHWC-04

When I was in sixth grade, I got into this club and it was very fun and stuff but sometimes I got into trouble. And then I got a situation and I even got detention and stuff and I had to come in on noon recess just to have detention. And then I was right back in detention again just for pushing a duty teacher and she got real mad but my friends all laughed and said your cool and they even said you are a real dude. And that was that. So then I had to go to school, at Happy Acres, and I was in seventh grade, and I had to have this one teacher. And after that I never got into much trouble at Happy Acres. But I did get into trouble at my other school, like I did at my other school, but I didn't even get detention again. So I wish I was back at my other school.





"I don't want to go to school!" This may very well be the most common phrase amongst youngsters. We wonder, why should we dread going to an institution, where the mysteries of the world become unraveled before our young eyes? For some it is the dread of work, they would prefer to play. In my case, it was the fear of teachers that prevented me from thoroughly enjoying my educational experience.

Beginning the in the first grade, and up to fourth, I had a string of lousy teachers. Some were cruel, their shadows looming over our heads, waiting for us to unwittingly dot a "t" instead of an "i." Others were dull, their voices droning every year about Columbus's voyage. Even when he made war with the Natives, the teacher's voice would be void of living emotion. I came to fear my teachers, in my opinion they were either slave drivers, or monotonous low lives. Then came Ms. K.

On the first day of fifth grade, I sat erect in my chair, betting myself a chocolate milk at lunch, that my new teacher would fall under the slave driver category. At first glance I appeared to be correct. Ms. K. was in her 50's and carried a meter stick. But Ms. K.'s usage of the meter was quite different. She stood at the chalk board, and preceded to measure herself. Two and one-quarter meters. That was how we began math on the first day of my fifth grade year.

As the year wore on, Ms. K. puzzled me. She had the energy of a slave driver, but used it to revive the once monotonous lessons. Columbus's voyage would become an action adventure tale, with model ships sailing across hanging maps. Instead of assuming the role of observer, we the children would become active participants, learning became a game. We would journey to Florence during the Italian Renaissance, and look upon Dante's works. Or perhaps Ms. K. would lead us on an escapade through the school yard on a "lion" hunt, dandy lions, that was. One especially memorable lesson was in Biology. We were studying the five senses. Ms. K. gave us each a carrot slice, and requested that we describe which part of the vegetable was the sweetest. The children, between bites, mumbled that the middle part was. "Is it not the outer edges that contain the sweetest juices?" I said. My response was greeted with looks that said, "She belongs in a loony bin!" I prepared myself for humiliation, but Ms. K. gave me another carrot and said, "Even the wisest of rabbits make mistakes." That has been my present motto ever since.

From childhood we were trained to respect teachers, mind our manners and keep quiet. In many cases, the power roles of the student and teachers are off balance, creating a rocky experience for both parties. I think what made learning so fulfilling for me in fifth grade, was the fact that Ms. K. divided her power, thus establishing a positive relationship with her students. By making learning energetic and exciting, she was maintaining our respect, while at the same time allowing us to better see her as a human being and not some power machine. The teachers like Ms. K., that humanize education, that make children year to learn, are the ones that forever remain memorable in our hearts.

# Scores

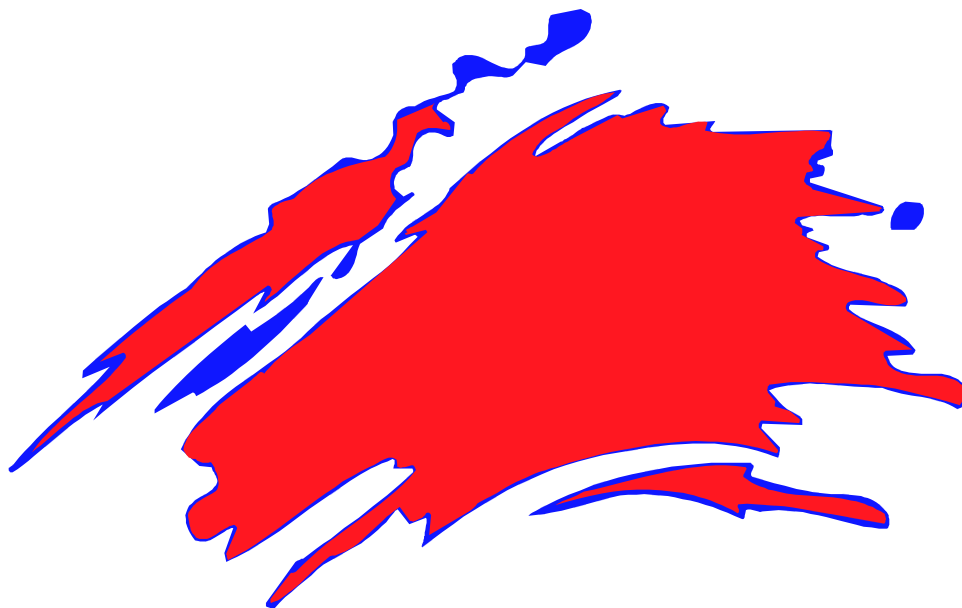
## Word Choice

Paper #	Score
EWC-01	5/5
EWC-02	3+/4
EWC-03	2/3
EWC-04	2/3
EWC-05	4/5
MHWC-01	5/5
MHWC-02	3/3
MHWC-03	4/4
MHWC-04	2/2
MHWC-05	5/5



# SENTENCE FLUENCY

Sample Papers and Suggested Uses



# Schools of the Future



There are many problems in our school system that involve children and teachers. But, there are also problems with parents. I have lots of ideas for change, beginning with children and what they need for a better education.

Today, there are teachers, parents and taxpayers who are dissatisfied with; public education. But change will have to include parents, if it is going to work. Most children want to be like their parents. If their parents don't read, they'll grow up without books. If their parents don't take part in school activities or even help their children with homework, then children will learn that school isn't really important. So, parents also have to be partners with teachers so that schools will succeed.

In the schools of the future, ideally one parent would volunteer in each classroom daily. Working parents would get paid release time from their regular job to invest in the children. That way, teachers would have valuable classroom assistance and parents would have a greater commitment to and understanding of the schools.

No matter what, teaching is very stressful. Many professionals in other fields now use a four day work week and it might make teaching more manageable. The teacher would choose Monday or Friday to take off each week through the school year. Children continue to attend five days a week, however. On Mondays and Fridays students go to special classes such as Library, Music, Physical Education, Computer Lab, Art and so on. As part of this plan, people who had real experience in different fields could be hired to teach for a semester or a quarter, rather than hiring certified teachers without field experience. For example, an environmental scientist could present a special science class and a talented artist could teach classes in their fields.

In the future, it would be better if students could have blocks of time to study in subject areas instead of thirty or forty minutes a day. Instead, maybe they could attend classes like they do in college, going two or three days a week, but for longer blocks of time. It is hard to go to six, or eight or nine classes in a day like students in our middle schools and high schools. Even the grade schools could use the block time idea.

I believe that all of these ideas in combination could work together to develop the ideal school system. I hope that one day our schools will become a subject of praise instead of ridicule, and the success of the students will reflect the success of a better school system.

Grade 5

# The Girl Who Wanted a Horse

"I wish I had a horse" moaned Stacy. She always loved horses, but she didn't have the money for one and she didn't know her parents had the money. She loved jumping and just simple riding on a horse because it was graceful and peaceful.

Stacy is a sixteen year old girl with a lot of friends. Every time she sees her friends riding she always asks, "Can I ride with you please?" and they normally say "Yes you can ride with us." She was horse crazy! Her room was filled to the top with horse things. She had pictures, shirts, stickers, and a whole lot more things, but her favorite was the horse blanket. She took it everywhere especially on trips.

Stacy's B-day was the next day and she was very happy. At three a clock the next day her friends arrived for her sleepover party. "Time for preents" exclaimed her mom.

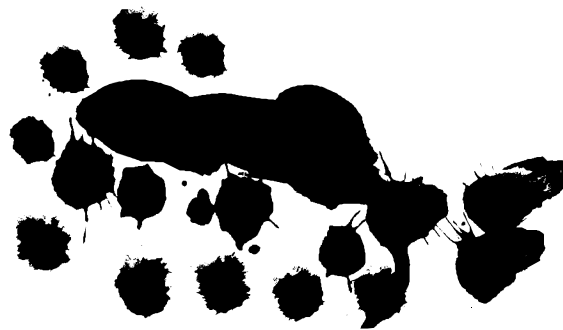
Her mom handed her the first present. Stacy knew that the first present wasn't a horse by the size of the box. Each time she opened one and it wasn't a horse her heart fell like a speeding arrow. Now all she found was a letter. The letter said "Go outside and you will find your last present" so she went outside and found a black horse staring at her.

"Thank you so much he is perfect." said Stacy happily.

Grade 4



There was a boy. His name was Bud. One Saturday mornin Bud said I'm bored. I want to do something new. Bud thought and thought. Then Bud said I now. I'll make a paper airplan. Bud mad a paper airplane. But thre the paper airplane. It flew. Bud didn't like how far it went. I want this to go far Bud said. Bud thought and thought. I got it Bud said. I'll put a glide on to of it. Did did. But went outdide. Bud threw it. It still didn't go far. I go it Bud said. I'll put a moter on it. Bud put a moter on the paper airplane. It was time for Bed. I'll play with it tomorrow Bud said. But got up and the next morning. Bud got his air plane. He went outside. Bud wound the moter up for a long time. Bud threw the paper airplane very very very hard. The paper airplane went up and up and up. The paper air plane went so far Bud lost the paper airplane. Bud was sad. Bud thought and thought, I got it Bud said, I'll make a big one Bud said, Bud made a big paper airplane. Bud made a big one. Bud got into it. Bud wound the moter up. I'm off Bud said. Bud looked and looked. Bud could not see it. Bud looked and looke. Bud saw the airplane. Bud came close and close. Bud was right beside the paper air plane. Bud got in. Bud flew home and went to bed.



Grade 3

## The Fish

There are many events that I will want to remember when I am eighty. I have made great catches in the outfield, pulled pranks, done well on tests, told a great joke, and too many other things to name. It would be downright foolish to talk about them all, so I have chosen just one. Catching the first fish on my first fly rod is something that I never want to forget. On August fourth, 1995—my fourteenth birthday—my dad gave me a Cortland 8.5-foot, 3-ounce graphite fly-fishing rod. I had been fishing with him twice before, and I had enjoyed the trips, so when he planned to go fly fishing on the Upper Skagit River later that month, I was all for it.

Before I knew it, the time to go fishing had arrived. The two of us climbed into Dad's mustard-yellow 1976 Toyota pickup with an AM-only radio, and we drove for the border. We stayed in a filthy, musty-smelling old motel with an ice-cold swimming pool just outside of Hope, British Columbia. The conditions, while lacking, didn't matter; we were going fishing the next day.

To get to the best fishing spots on the Skagit, one had to brave a 35-mile long dirt road. The ride was long and full of potholes, but Dad talked about trips of yesteryear to help pass the time. An hour later, we reached the spot that was to be the beginning of our trek. I got out of the truck, took my shoes off, and began to don my gear. I put my fishing vest on first. Then came my neoprene chest waders, then my felt-soled river boots, and last came my wide-brimmed hat. Dad helped me in readying my rod, but I put the reel on and tied the fly all by myself. Last, we got an inflated rubber raft out of the back and carried it down an embankment to the river, trying not to slip on the wet rocks.

Now it was time to fish. I remember stepping into the river and feeling the swift current push against my legs. I remember touching the cold, pure, crystal clear water, and I remember the sun in my eyes when I looked up. Most of all, however, I remember smelling the cottonwood trees of autumn. Then dad rudely broke my reverie, and informed me that his line was in the water already. I took a good grip on my rod and started to cast. I thought, ten-two, ten-two, just like Dad had said. After the second false cast, I let my line go. The fly hit the water about twenty feet from where I was standing, and it had barely cleared some overhanging trees from shore. As I watched the fly sink and start to flow downriver, I started my retrieve.

Bzzzzz! My reel took off and my rod jumped in my hands—I almost let go. Could it really be a fish? A fish on my first cast? Instantly I started to reel in. Yes! It was a fish! I reeled in and groped for my net. I netted my own beautiful, shiny rainbow trout! Damn, I was proud. I want to remember that forever.

Of course, I didn't catch another fish for five hours. But I didn't really care much. My first day out on a real river with my fly rod, and I caught a fish on my first cast. For a novice angler like me, two fish in a day wasn't bad. In fact, I think that one cast has made me a fly fisherman for life.

When I start out at a new school the first thing I try to do is impress people. Like showing off my basketball skills. That's how I make most of my friends. But back when I was younger I really didn't play sports and I was real shy. So it was harder for me to get to know the students and the teacher very well, because I would step in class and mostly stay to myself. People would come up and say hi what's your name, and that'll be just about it. But eventually I made a lot of friends and everything cool. But nowadays I don't have that problem because I go to school where I know everybody just about. But it's kind of scary nowadays in schools with all these gang shootings and bomb threats. But my life in particular just revolves around basketball. So I really don't get involved in all this gangsta activity. But let me get back to the point, first days of school can be rough. But you just have to go through it, and life goes on.



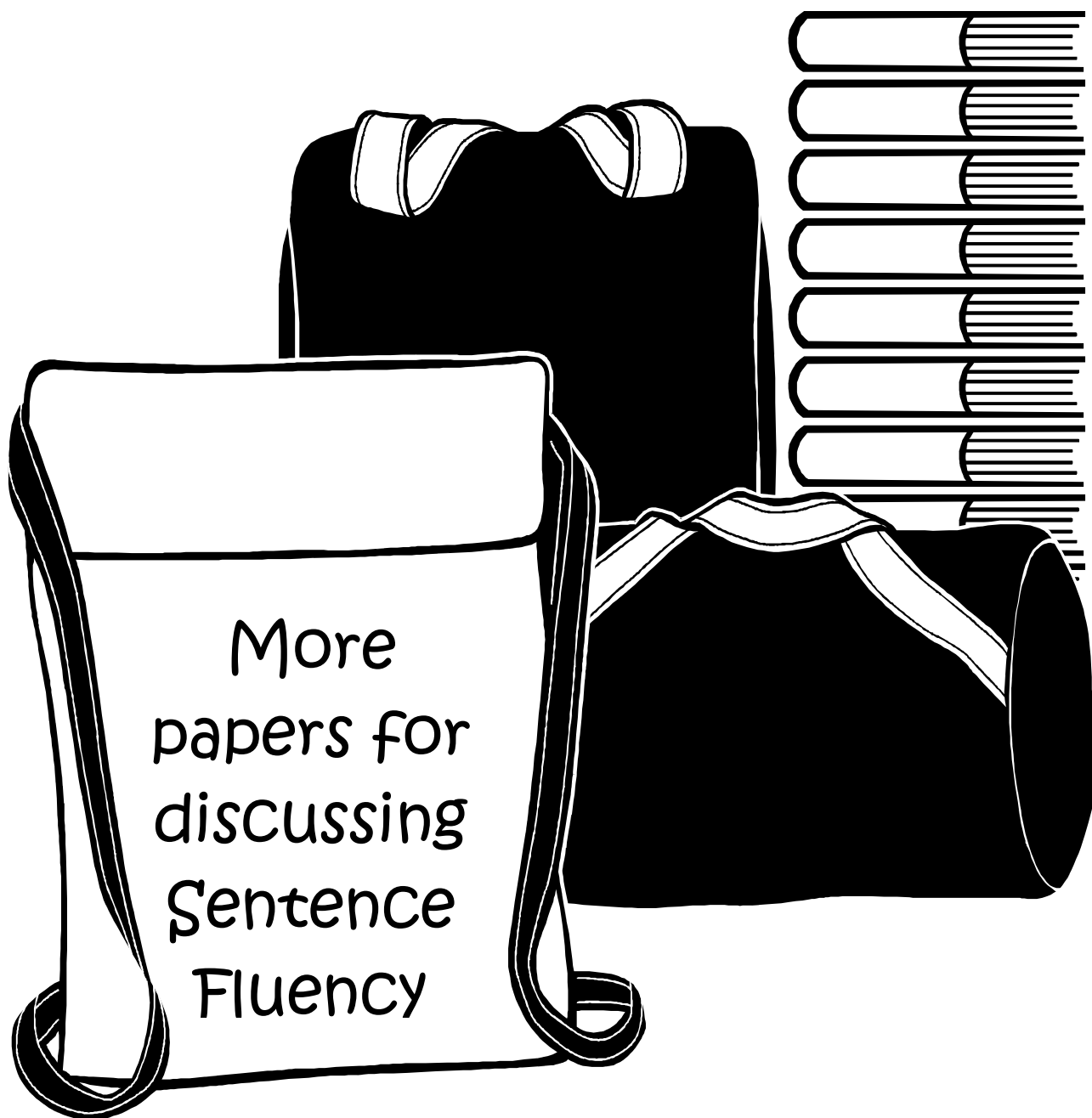
The slogan on my t-shirt would be "I'd rather be sleeping." because all the teachers give me home work, lots of home work, and b y the time I'm done with it it's real late like English, she gives us vocabulary words which definitions are real long, and then the math teacher gives us some wierd math that is kinda hard, then my spanish teacher would give me a couple pages were we have to make a total spanish sentence for about twenty words or so, and that's why I'm allways tired and that' why "I'd rather be sleeping."



# Sentence Fluency Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<b>Schools of the Future</b> <b>Sentence Fluency score: 5</b> This fifth grade writer does a terrific job of varying sentence structure, opening and length. Don't let the problems with internal punctuation interfere with how the paper is meant to be read (remember, punctuation is to be discussed under conventions). Instead, let the way the sentences are crafted, the way words follow one another, determine how you read this piece.	<b>The Fish</b> <b>Sentence Fluency score: 5</b> This is a lovely story to read out loud – the most telling hallmark of strong sentence fluency. The links between ideas are thoughtfully supported by careful use of connectives. The second to the last paragraph breaks into a new rhythm to underscore the urgency and excitement of catching the first fish. Bravo!
<b>Developing</b>	<b>The Girl Who Wanted a Horse</b> <b>Sentence Fluency score: ¾</b> These sentences get the job done, but there are only a couple instances where the structure breaks away from the natural order, simple subject/simple natural order, simple predicate/simple predicate routine. The result is a piece with a plodding pace instead of one that captures a young girl's excitement at receiving a horse for a birthday present.	<b>When I start out at a new school</b> <b>Sentence Fluency score: 2/3</b>  The phrasing of the sentences sounds quite natural, which is just what you would expect from a conversational piece about starting up at a new school. The repetitive use of "but" and "so" to begin sentences becomes a significant distraction before the paper is over.
<b>Beginning</b>	<b>There was a boy. His name was Bud.</b> <b>Sentence Fluency score: 2</b> You might need to keep your finger on the page as you read this paper—it's easy to lose track of your place, as all the sentences look pretty much the same! The choppy and repetitive use of "Bud" make this piece difficult to read out loud. This could be a great springboard for a lesson on pronouns or complex sentences.	<b>The slogan on my t-shirt would be</b> <b>Sentence Fluency: 1</b> Come up for some air! This piece of writing is one long sentence with a few commas thrown in for good measure. Even if the commas were turned into periods to get rid of the run on sentences, there would still be a problem with repetitive sentence opening, length and structure.





## ESF-01

I'm writing about the gun cause it is important to me.

Why is it important to me. Cause if we americans didn't have guns we would be endangered by many things on earth.

Just how do you think we americans took victory over the british

If we didn't have guns we wouldn't be able to hunt.

We couldn't target at anything.

We also couldn't use self defense.

I also like guns cause they are loud.

Guns are very expensive.

Guns come in many colors.

Guns are mostly black.

You can find guns in many assortments.

Guns can also be dangerous.

Guns come from new to old.

They can rust too.

You haf't to clean your guns.

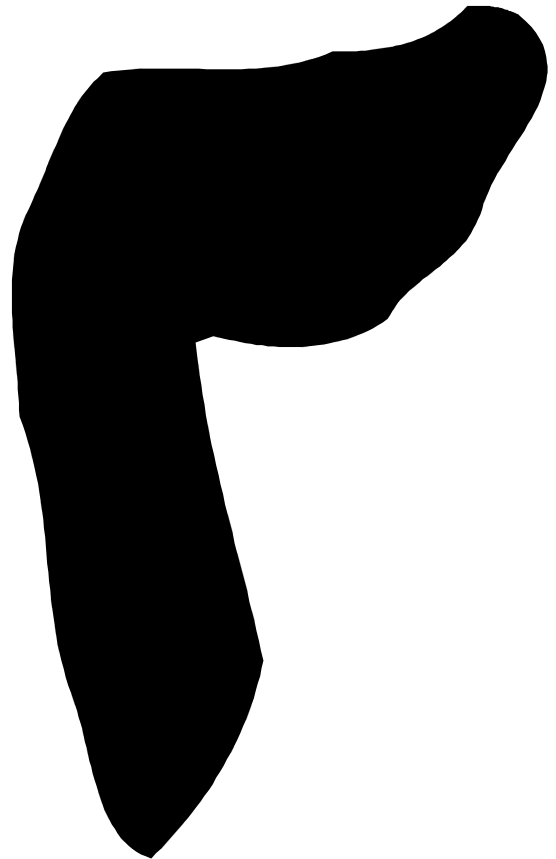
You need bulletts for them.

You also need a holster.

Some guns need clips.

And some guns can backfire.

And guns are easy to use.



## ESF-02

parents are big and tall not like kids that go to work and drive a car if it wasn't for you'r parents you wouldn't be alive so treat yor parents nice being a grown up can be fun in a way to some people like me I never wanted to tell you but if you'r gown up you are married to a icky girl so try to be the kid in you treat you you don't wunt to be grown up sad you'r going to be a grown up ane way so fac it and git a lnmo to wif a tv in it or a frbrd or a bmw im not going to tall how babys are brn its to grs for you to her ask youer teer or parnts some tims they li to you but win you have kids you hve to tak em to sul and fed tim to lik you get fad



Grade 3



## ESF-03

Most people say I'm a very outgoing person but, there aren't that many funny things that happened to me. The one I remember most is my 5<sup>th</sup> grade play. It was a disaster. First when we went to get on the bleachers to sing a Christmas Carol I missed a step and fell down, but, you think that was bad, ha, that was just the beginning. Right before my solo in the song We Three Kings, my voice goes flat. I'm sitting there everybody watching me. Frozen with fear. Not a word came out. Well, at least nothing over a high shrill. I felt so stupid. I was afraid that my voice wouldn't come back but, It did, and just in time to. We were doing the play 'A Christmas Carol', I ended up playing the part of Scrooge. When the ghost of Christmas past came to visit me I jumped a little a scream. I had forgotten what he looked like and he startled me. Days and days before the play I kept thinking I know I'm gonna forget my lines and yes, I did. So I decided to make something up to liven things up a bit. People tried to tell me what to say, but I couldn't understand them one of them said something like, "Look at the plane." So I said it. Everyone on stage heard it. The ghost of Christmas past, played by J.D., fell on the floor with laughter. I had the whole place in a roar. Even my teacher's laughed. The only person not laughing was my old gym teacher she had sourest look on her face, so absurd I could never forget it. Then, everything was quiet, but in the silence a man just laughed so loud everybody heard it. That man was my dad. He started everyone up again. This time even my gym teacher was laughing. I decided that we weren't gonna start the play back up so I went off stage to bring Santa and Mrs. Santa and their reindeer out on stage. It was supposed to snow when they came out. So, I went to pull the lever and all of the snow came down at once. I wasn't looking at the stage when I did it, but I heard people laugh even harder so I went to see what was so funny. I came to find out that not only did the snow come down all at once, It landed on Santa and Mrs. Santa. They were covered in snow. We had planned for two little kindergarteners to give Santa and his wife flowers but, they gave them to the wrong people. The little girl ran into the ghost of Christmas past, J.D. and ran. The boy came over and kicked J.D. in the leg for scaring off his "girlfirend", how cute. Finally the whole thing was over.

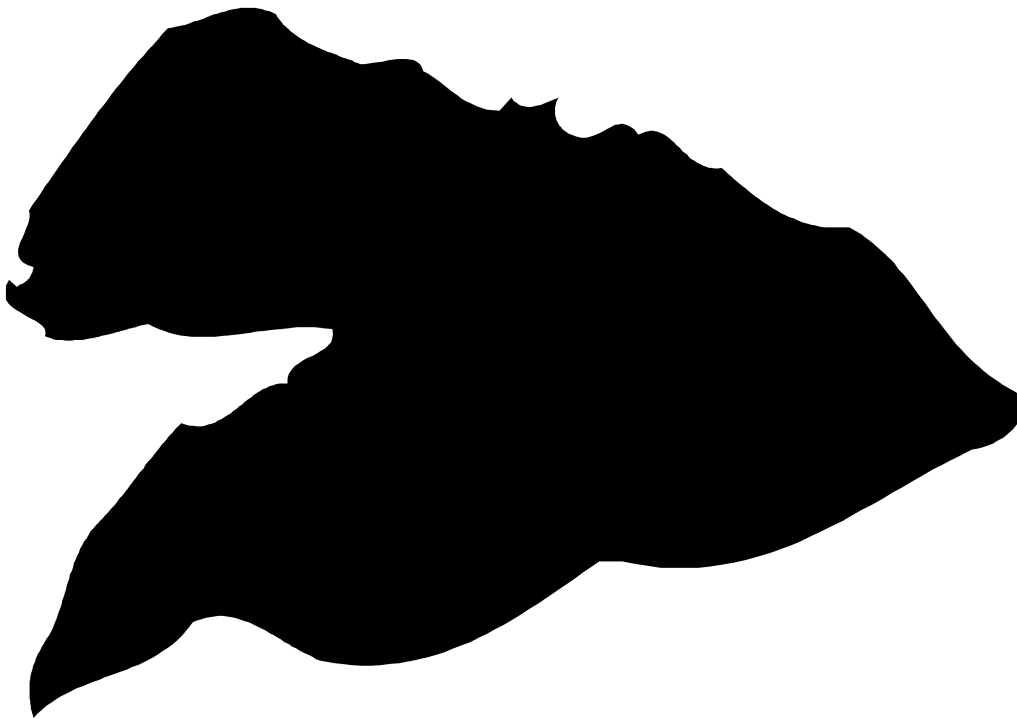
The next time we came back to school nobody got in trouble. In fact we got our reviews back, they loved us. I couldn't believe it, but, I got the highest rating. I do realize that I did something wrong. I probably shouldn't have said any thing in the first place. But, it just goes to show you that not everything has to go by the book. A play can be comical, it doesn't have to be word for word and old People liked our play especially the way we did it. It was one of a kind, a true original.

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**ESF-04**

My teacher from second grade was great. He was real nice. He took a guinea pig from a man who couldn't keep him anymore, so he brought the guinea pig to the classroom. The guinea pig's name was Franklin. Now that I'm in fifth grade Franklin is pretty old, but he still is doing good. I go in and talk to Mr. Dick and see Franklin a lot. When Franklin came to the school I was in second grade as you know. It was the year 1988. But let's get back to talking about Mr. Dick. Mr. Dick was a great teacher. He spent time with his kids in the class. And he played his guitar for us and was the greatest teacher.

Grade 5



## ESF-05

I have some dolls named Tina and Gary. Tina is a baby doll and her hair is in a mat on top of her head because her bonnets squash it down and she always wears a bonnet. Gary is my only boy doll. He looks like he could be either a girl or a boy. Gary has blue eyes and he is stuffed. Tina is a puppet but she looks like a regular doll. My aunt makes things out of clay and she made a heartshaped pin that has Tina's name it. Tina wears it all the time.

Tina and Gary are brother and sister. They didn't come that way. That was just my decision. Once, when I was pretty little, I couldn't find Tina and Gary. They weren't in the doll crib or anywhere else. At Christmas time, however, they were found. My presents from my grandparents was a box with Tina and Gary in it. They were dressed in clothes that my grandmother had made for them. I was both happy and relieved.

Every once in a while, I would decide that my dolls were being bad. Even little Tina was sometimes naughty. I would put them in the freezer of my kitchen. Fortunately, it was not real. One of my other dolls was once very bad so I put her on top of a speaker in my brother's room. There she stayed until I thought she would behave properly. Another time, Gary was bad so I put him in our new toilet which was waiting upstairs till the time came for it to be installed. Then I forgot where I had put him so we looked and looked for Gary until my brother remembered that I had been playing upstairs with him recently.

Tina and Gary are sort of lucky I guess because my brother helped me name them. At the time I came up with some pretty weird names. At the time I came up with some pretty weird names. One of my stuffed rabbits got stuck with the name Go-Gol. I don't play that much with dolls anymore but I still love to have them. If you asked me which ones I liked the best Tina and Gary would be up near the top. For some reason I got really attached to them, (even if they did get in trouble more than my other dolls). Maybe the reason I liked them so much was because they were small enough so I could really hold onto them even when I was little. A few of my other dolls were about as big as myself when I was a baby. I think that I will keep Tina and Gary even when I grow up.

Grade 4

## The annoying girl at school (MH5F-01)

One day about three weeks ago there was this girl that came to my school for some reason. I didn't know who she was until the second day I saw her in class, and the only reason I knew who she was is I had gone to the teacher and asked her who this new girl was, she told me a little bit about her and I went over to talk to her to see what her name was. I talked to her for about half the period trying to get to know her a little better than just a person in my swim class. About a day later I had found out that her name was Wesa, which really amazed me because the first day I saw her in class I thought I knew her from somewhere else. Later on I found out she was from Oregon and her dad had cought her out of class for some dumb reason and didn't care what it was and sent her up to Seattle to live with her mom and step-dad. She can be so annoying some times because she told me she dosen't trust anyone, but still dosen't tell me the most simplest little things that consern me, I mean it's only been three weeks and she won't tell me things about me that she's heard.

It would be just like a girl not to tell a guy something expecially if he is starting to like the girl, though she dosen't know it, except for stupid rumors going around about it, she just dosen't know personally, YET.

The whole reason she got on my nerves and annoyed me so damb much latelly is the fact that she has been acting a little strange tward me and I have no clue what so ever, it all just started like two days ago and is still happening to this day, I think she's just scared that she might start to like me more than she ever expected and it is really starting to scare her. I've thaught this through for a while and that is the conclution I have come up with, it's the only possible thing that can happen because I talked to her about driving her home after school because she dosen't like this one guy that has been spreading roomers about her and some guy that rides her bus, also I asked her out to a movie some time and she said yes but latley has acted more like my enemy than my friend, well all the time she was acting all weird, I took the liberty too talk to her about it and she said, one of her teachers who by the way dosen't know more than my name, was talking bad about me to her saying things like, watch out and different things like that. Later I told Wesa to ask me personally anything she has a question about and to not beleive things she hears from other people, and as always life goes on and I can only hope for the best and still try to get to know her better even if she has a boyfriend. By the way I'm going to have a talk with that teacher that is causing me all those problems.

## MHSF-02

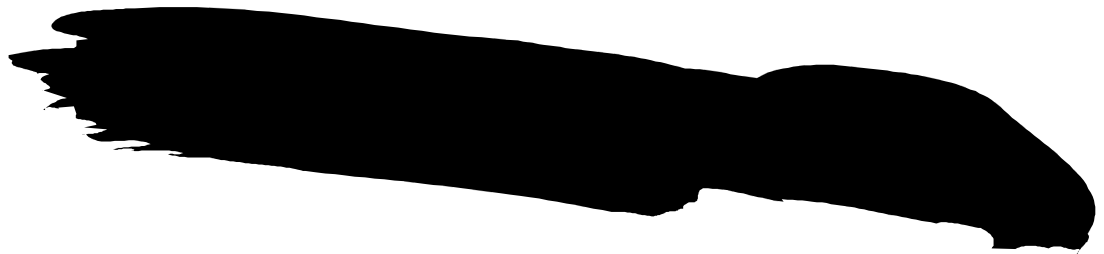
Sweat is pouring down our faces, as we run on our usual route past Lustiland. Suddenly, we hear two honks. I look over my lefthand shoulder. A woman in her fifties looks out of her car window, smiling and eagerly waving at us. It is my sports teacher. Slowly lifting up our tired arms and exhausted we wave back. Keep up the good work! She shouts and continues her journey in her putt-putting gray car. A typical sports lesson.

I had Siv as my sports teacher seventh through ninth grade. She made us do a lot of strange, new exercises which she came up with herself, but seldom did I see her participate in any of her self-invented activities. Sports were mandatory in my school and a lot of my friends tried to avoid them with faked sicknesses. Well, fortunate for my friends, Siv liked to talk more than she liked teaching sports activities. I actually liked sports!

We used to get dressed and all ready for gym (or some kind of sport). Siv would tell us to gather in one of our changing rooms for a small talk, before having gym. But as occurred so many other times, she would forget about having gym and just talk, while we sat scrunched together in a ring, pretending to be very interested. Siv would tell us about how to act if we or our car came through the ice while driving on a lake or if a piece of our thumb accidentally got cut off in the blending machine. Puberty problems and first aid were also among her topics. When we finally did have gym, we would sometimes be made to pretend we were circus performers and do tricks with ropes and hula rings. After the lesson she could pop her head into our locker room, while we were changing and say: "Oh, I have a pair of undies just like yours!"

Just before Christmas Siv would gather us around her little plastic Christmas tree and let us decorate it with stars, flags and candy, while Christmas carols rang joyfully from her boom box. After decorating the tree, she would light some candles to create a warm and cosy mood in our gym room and pull out a children's book about a cat and an old man (she completely adored the book) and read it out loud to us. Relaxed we listened and chomped on a couple of gingersnaps Siv gave us.

I often found Siv's lessons to be weird and a bit juvenile, though at the same time could also be fun. I admire her for always being in a good bouncy mood and doing all she could do to try to solve problems we might have been dealing with. Although we might not have made any progress in sports, while having Siv, she taught us a lot of important things that could be useful and come in handy, later in our lives.





## MHSF-03

I remember a period of time when I played mother. I was 15 years old and my mom went to St. Louis and left me and my three younger brothers at home. At this time my younger brothers were ages 7, 9, and 11. Before my mother left, she gave me the big talk on what I was to do while she was gone, and that list was long. I was not at all prepared for what was to come.

The first day she left I found that this job is a lot more than I expected. In the morning before I'd go to school I had to help my three brothers get ready for school, turn all appliances off and check all of the windows and doors to secure the locks and so on. Then I'd get myself ready and straighten the house up.

By the time I would get through the school hours I was beat, but the day was only half over. The hard part was ahead. When everyone arrived home from school, I'd individually help with the homework and make sure it was all done. Attempting to force three elementary boys to do their homework before cartoons isn't the easiest, but amazingly I got through it. Then came the time to prepare dinner, although this part is somewhat fun because I enjoy cooking. And the dinners I made were not too much on the gourmet side.

I'd say the hardest time of day was when it was time for the young boys to wash up and get off to bed, because with little boys their ears only work when they want them to. But handling it the best I could worked.

Taking care of three younger boys like I did was a huge challenge. I proved to myself I could be more responsible than I thought, although it was very hard. I felt really good to see how my mom was so grateful of how well I did and she really saw how much she could trust me.

This task also helped me see how complex a mother's or father's job is, and there really is no way around it. Being a parent in my opinion is the furthest you can take responsibility, so never take your parents for granted.

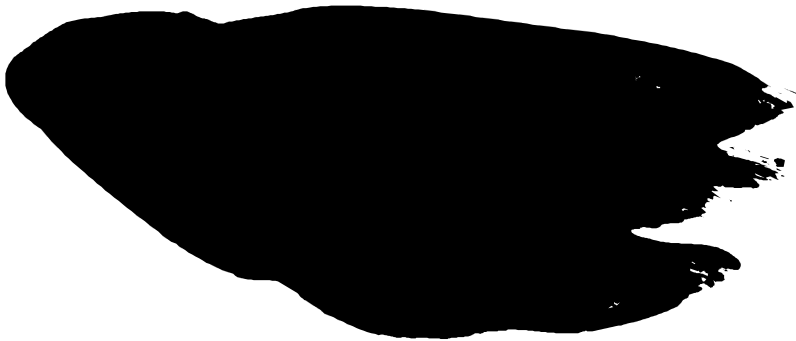


## MHSF-04

Female has better life in 1990's because old days. Woman can't do what man can do. Woman can't vote also she can't do job outside home. She has to stay home. Tak care her children and also her husband, but now days female has alot of opportunity.

Now they can work outside their homes and also they take care of their children and husband. Woman now vote, they have more opportunity that they didn't have before. Now there are females who hold top positions like Prime Ministers, lawyer, President. There are women in the millary too.





## The Traffic! (MH\$F-05)

Traffic is impossible nowadays. A place that took you to get to in 10 minutes takes you about 15-20 minutes now. Why are so many people driving now? Can't they carpool or take the metro bus or something. We're getting overcrowded on the streets. People should drive only if it's absolutely necessary. Some methods to use is carpooling. Why not get a ride with someone to work. All you'd have to do is plan on a meeting place that's convinient to both you and the driver. Just meet there everyday, and voila, you've just carpooled. It saves time, gas, and there would be less pollution. It would save you from driving in that hectic rush hour traffic you just sit back and relax, listen to music or doze off, and let the driver deal with the traffic mess.

A fast way to go are the Carpool lanes. These lanes have been neatly installed on most freeways, and are usually conviniently located on the far left lane. If there are more than 3 people traveling in the car, the carpool lane is the way to go. In some places, a car with 2 or more people may travel in it. But don't be fooled. There are those people that just want a fast drive and get in the carpool lane, even without the required number of people. Some of them are caught by police, but most of them get away. Some people are even smart enough to use a dummy, usually the ones you can inflate.

Streets are getting more and more congested. It is nearly impossible to drive, especially in downtown Seattle. So many traffic lights, pedestrians, busses, tourists, and all those one way this way one way that way that way streets you could easily get lost. The number of people driving has got to go down. Unfortunately, I don't have the solution. But someone does. Better transportation methods should be brought into consideration. We are getting nowhere on the streets.

# Scores

## Sentence Fluency

Paper #		Score
ESF-01	.....	2/2
ESF-02	.....	½
ESF-03	.....	4/5
ESF-04	.....	3/3
ESF-05	.....	4+/4+
MHSF-01	.....	2+/2+
MHSF-02	.....	4/4
MHSF-03	.....	4/4
MHSF-04	.....	1+/2
MHSF-05	.....	3/4

# CONVENTIONS

Sample Papers and Suggested Uses



# My Special Place

My special place is inside the Secret Staircase Bookstore. I've only been there once, but it was great while it lasted.

I found my special place in a most peculiar way. I was visiting the Secret Staircase Bookstore with Alex, (my little brother) and my mom. I leaned against a wall and started walking towards a reading area, my shoulders scraping the wall all the way. I marveled at all the great books, and then at the fact that I was leaning against air. "Uh-Ohh AAAHH!" I yelled as I fell through a jagged hole in the wall! I was waiting for the impact of my skull against the floor to hit me, but instead I felt a slight jolt and heard a loud "FOOF." I looked around and found myself entangled in curtains, blankets, and pillows. Several minutes and frustrated exclamations later, I was free. I kicked back in my newly found paradise, then put the curtains back into place over the hole. I felt so peaceful, so serene, and so wishful that I had brought a soda and a book! My thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the quiet "Schoonk" of the curtains opening. "Time to go," said my mom. "Awww not now OUCH!" I replied as Alex dove into the now cramped quarters, landing on me. But that didn't bother me as much as new thoughts I was having. Leave? Now? Why must I leave this hidey-hole, this sanctuary of peace? But I went anyway. Oh, well. Perhaps I'll visit my special place again. Someday...

The End

Grade 4



It was August 1, 1992. I had just gotten out of bed very excited. Today I was going to the circus! I went and got dressed, and ran down the stairs ready to go. My mom had breakfast on the table. As soon as every one was down in the kitchen we ate. Then I said "lets go early," my mom said "no". One hour later we hopped in the car and drove off. The first thing we saw were the acrobats they were great. Then we saw the lions. When the big one did a trick, I cheered! When it was the big ones turn again he wouldn't go. So the man hit him with his whip. Then the huge lion roared. Even though the air was hot and it was sunny I seemed to grow cold. The lion burst out of the cage and into the crowd. It was easy to tell the lion was in a rage. The clowns started to scream. One man had been scratched by the animals and was bleeding. One clown came out and shot the lion. The man that got scratched was rushed to the hospital. He had almost bled to death. At least he didn't die. I can tell you one thing I will never go to a circus with lions again!

Grade 4

# Explosofes

To mickrowaves to stoves they can all cill or heart some one i they do the rong things. For instens if a little boy or girl do the rong they can get heart or maybe even die. If a boy or girl put medil in a micwave they can get serles heart. A stove you can get heart bi touching a hot stove. People don't notis it But millions and millions of grown ups or children are dieing evry day becaus of the weirdes or smallest thing's are hapning. Well wene I grow up I'm going to whach my children if ther by a stove or mickrwave.

Grade 5





# First Kiss

My first kiss was when I was in the fourth grade. It was with this girl I liked in my class, whose name was Clarice. Perhaps my biggest mistake was that I had told my best friend Jeremy about my little secret. Jeremy was not good at keeping secrets.

The next day the secret was out. The girls were teasing me, the guys got a good laugh and of course, I denied it all. I was so nervous when I got to class. I was hoping that she hadn't heard anything about it. There she was sitting in class perfectly innocent, impervious to the facts, or so I thought. Jeremy came in and sat down without making eye contact with me.

"Time for arts and crafts," the teacher would say, letting us work independently. I was minding my own business when a big mouth named Lindsey asked me out loud

"Do you like Clare?"

"No!" I replied, I could feel the heat rising to my face.

"Yes you do, your blushing" she exclaimed.

"No," I pleaded quietly with her.

Luckily the teacher interrupted this little interrogation with further instructions for our art projects. The longest school day of my fledgling life finally ended and I started my long two mile trek home. Halfway home, I found Jeremy (silently contemplating) sitting on the halfway mark which was a mossy old stump. I walked by without even acknowledging him, he silently slipped by my side matching my pace, I despised him.

"Sorry man," he said casually.

"Your stupid!" I hissed.

He swallowed his rage and looked down in shame.

"Sorry," he reinstated. Then he issued forth a blank stupid look. I couldn't help but to forgive the guy, besides he's my best friend regardless of what he did. By the end of the day we were playing GI-Joe again.

The next day I cautiously entered the lunchroom, got my breakfast, and sat myself next to Jeremy who hastily eating his cornflakes.

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"No, I just got here."

After breakfast we went to the playground for some fun, it was quiet this time of hour but when the buses arrive it would soon be filled with activities. I saw the army of yellow buses approaching, its doors popping open to unleash a horde of frenzied children rushing here and there. I looked around the chaotic playground, still no Clare, time for class. When I arrived in class I was relieved and saddened that she was not there. We began our day while it

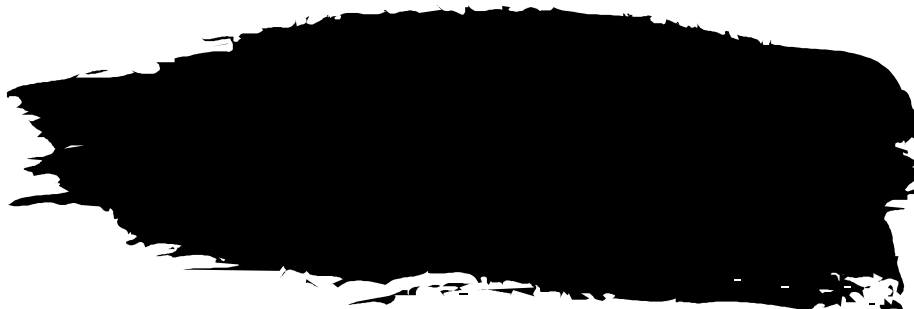
rained gently outside. Thirty minutes into class a little someone arrives decked out from head to toe in a hideous yellow raincoat. She squished and squeaked her way to the teacher. When her father left she went to take her seat, and as she was doing so she glanced at me and gave me a strange look. My Gosh! She knows! I sat rigid throughout the class. (Recess time, good I had to get out.) The light drizzle was now an all out downpour that confined us to the building, some went to the gym, some stayed in class to play games. I went to hide in the library, so did she! I picked up the classic fairytale "Rumplestiltskin" and headed to the back of the library, when I saw her standing there looking absolutely irresistible and looking kind of lost. I then did something very unlike myself. I went up and asked her

"Would you like to read this with me?"

She remained silent for what seemed like an eternity. Finally she answered with a smile and a nod. We headed over to the "Magic Carpet," sat down, and began the epic tale. We took turns reading sentences until recess was over. We didn't quite finish with the book. After school in the midst of the downpour Clare frantically waved goodbye and boarded her bus. I returned the gesture and went to go meet up with Jeremy. During our wet voyage home Jeremy was miserable. I felt comfortable, especially with Clare and I liked her a lot. No amount of rain, wind, or coldness was going to get me down.

The next day was beautiful. Jeremy and the guys invited me to a friendly game of kickball after lunch. I declined and spent the afternoon on a bean bag in the library with Clare. We were finishing up "Rumpelstiltskin." I was finishing my lines and I waited for her to say her lines. I looked up at her. That was when she leant over and gave me a tender kiss on the cheek! It sent a shock that coursed through my body and into the very core of my soul. I then gave her a kiss too, 'aren't I full of surprises,' I thought.

Well, after we kissed, Clare and I continued to be good friends. We were two innocent kids curious about each other. Every time I kiss I will think back on that long ago day, and that little girl named Clare, and the good times we shared together in the library.



## The Hill

There is an old hill on my Grandma's property. The hill is grown over with grass, dead stinging nettles, and skunk cabbage. There is an old grown over rickety bridge that you have to jump off of to get safely to the ground because blackberries block off the way.

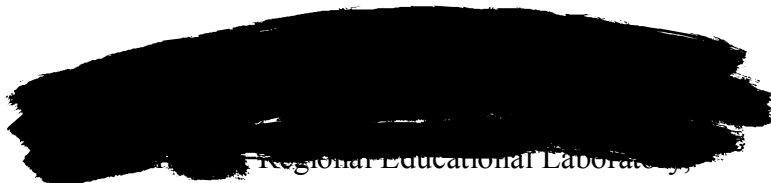
After the bridge you have to walk through matted dead grass, then you get to an old cedar tree. You cut through the small trail around the cedar tree to get to the road-like flat slanty path to the field. You sneak through the long dead grass. Finally you reach the fence. Be careful not to let the big white dog see you looking at the horses. (He thinks he owns and is guard of the fence and things on both sides of it.) For a better view go to the funny shaped tree it works as a good lookout, and a safe place where the neighbor dogs can't get you. (no matter how hard they jump) From the tree you can see alot—my Uncle's horses (down the hill) the Nooksack and the Breckenridge creeks, the place where the creeks meet together, the trail (both of them), the two bridges, the neighbor's houses, Mr. L's cows, and all the other trees and fields.

When you're done looking around (and when the coast is clear of the big white dog) you can jump down and head for the one still usable trail that my mom made and used when she was little. I'm not sure how its possible that the trail is still there but I think coyotes, deer, possum, skunk, rabbits, mice, and snakes use it, and keep it there.

Be carful when you go down because if your behind someone pesky, pushed aside branches will slap you in the face. When you get to the waterside, sit down, listen to the rushing, slurping, sound of water, the lapping against the sandy bank, the birds chirping, watch for animals. If you stay still and quiet the animals will relax, come out of hiding, and the birds will start chirping.

Walk back to the big cedar tree wander eastward, up the bushy hill and you will find yourself in the cemetary. If you don't want to go there go west and take a swim in the icy water (if you don't freeze) when you're really cold dry off. If you want, catch a couple of crawdads. Then go home fry your crawdads eat them and think about your day on the hill.

Grade 10



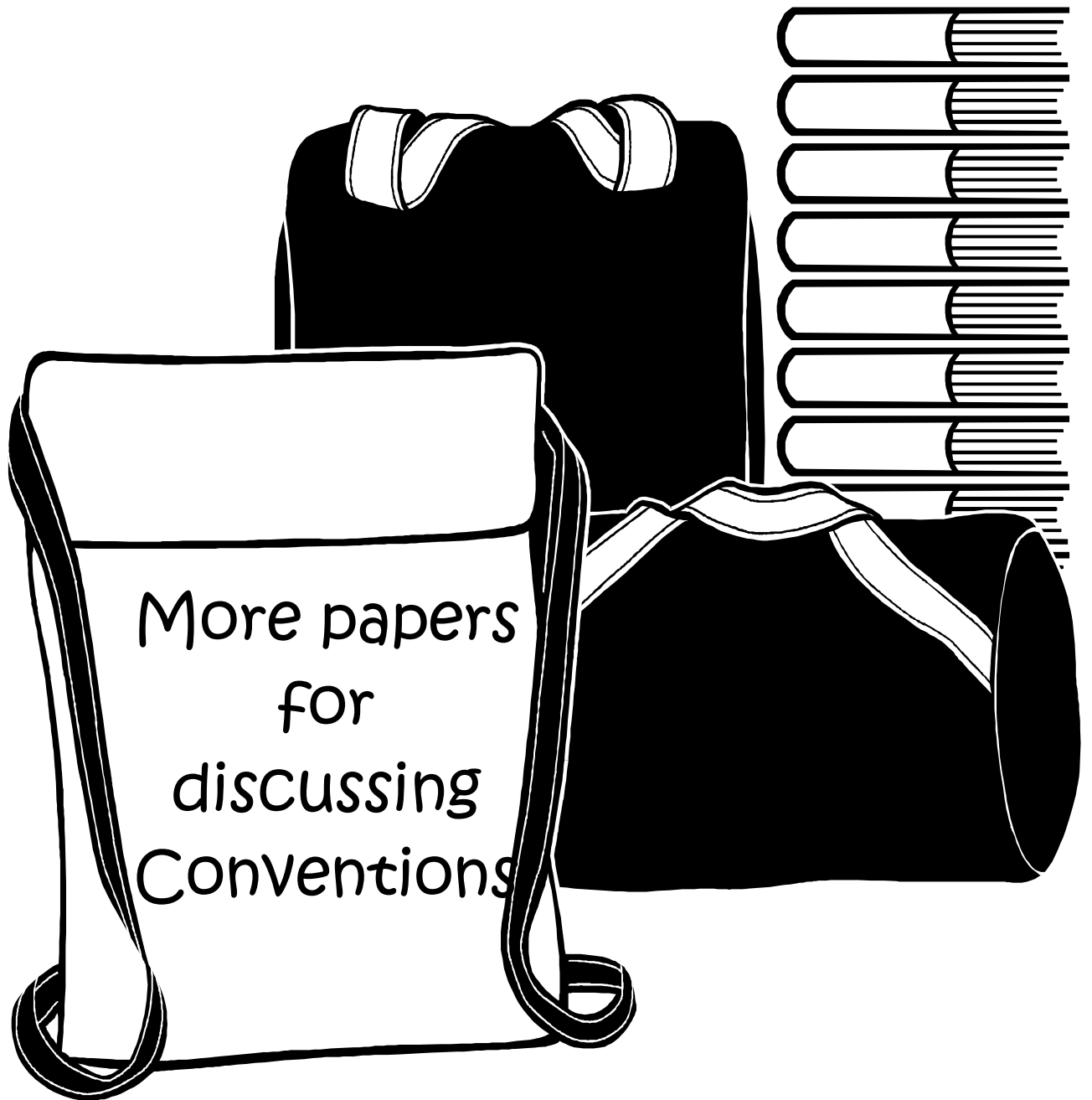
## What I Think About the Uniform

I think it is a bad idea to wear uniforms to school. I think student should wear anything they want to school. The principal think it will stop gang and violent in the school But I think it isn't going to stop anything in school. I still see fighting and people in their gang and people with their pants hanging down and having gang sign and thing. I think they would stop fighting and trying not to be in a gang if they could wear anything they want. I think they would focus more on their work, then having their mind on anything else. I think it made the student mad when they found out they had to wear a uniform. I really don't like the idea of wearing uniform I think it is kind of stupid when you have to tuck in your shirt and if you don't tuck in your shirt you get lunch duty or get sent out of class. That is what I think about the uniform.



# Conventions Papers With Commentary

	Elementary	Middle/High School
<b>Strong</b>	<p><b>My Special Place</b>  <b>Conventions score: 4+/5</b>  Only a couple minor problems with punctuation can be found in this piece; overall, the conventions are well under control – especially for a fourth grader! Sophistication is demonstrated in how the writer skillfully blends dialogue with narrative, manipulating conventions to capture a realistic scene. One could argue that paragraphing should be used to note changes in dialogue, but as a vignette, this piece holds its own</p>	<p><b>First Kiss</b>  <b>Conventions score: 4+/5-</b>  By the time a writer is in middle school, he is expected to begin demonstrating control over more sophisticated conventions in order to score in the “five” range. This piece certainly attempts such skills. Paragraphs are used to separate ideas, the spelling is strong (even on more difficult words), and grammar/usage is just fine. The only recurring problems are with punctuation, and many are with the internal punctuation of more complex sentences.</p>
<b>Developing</b>	<p><b>It was August 1, 1992.</b>  <b>Conventions score: 3+</b>  In terms of conventions, this piece is definitely on the strong side of the scale. There are a couple run on sentences and spelling errors that a fourth grader could be expected to have control over, but none interfere significantly with the paper’s readability. The internal punctuation with dialogue also needs a bit of polishing.</p>	<p><b>The Hill</b>  <b>Conventions score: 3</b>  This is a solid piece of writing in need of a bit of editing, although it is certainly readable “as is.” There are several run-on sentences in need of punctuation, and a couple high frequency words are misspelled (alot, its, your). The paragraph breaks are well placed with the exception of the first sentence of the fourth paragraph, which seems to belong with the previous section.</p>
<b>Beginning</b>	<p><b>Explosofes</b>  <b>Conventions score: 1+</b>  This piece of writing would require extensive editing before it could be considered publishable. While the grammar and usage are in pretty good shape, the extensive spelling errors and occasional punctuation problems seriously detract from the message.</p>	<p><b>What I Think About the Uniform</b>  <b>Conventions score: 1</b>  This student would probably be able to catch some of his usage problems by just reading this piece out loud. There are also simple spelling mistakes, run-on sentences, and errors with capitalization. Time for some editing!</p>



## A Lesson to be Learned (EC-01)

At an anthill just outside a enchanting cave, a commotion was started. It seems that a scout ant has brought back a white, mini cloud-like object as a rare treat for the queen ant.

"Your Majesty, I have brought back a rare treat that I have gotten for you from the cave of giants. Let me just state that only I could have gotten it for you, my queen, for I care about you the most," announced the scout rather proudly.

A lot of <humps>s could be heard. "Hush! Hush! Listen to what he has to say. Show me the treat, my dear fellow," asked the queen. "Here it is!" shouted the ant who purposely said it loud enough for everyone to hear.

"What is it? It looks like a miniature cloud! Mmm...! It absolutely tingles my throat! Crunchy, yet not too hard! This tastes so fantastic that I simply must have more!" As I heard her say this, I wanted to get some for her myself so I could prove how much I loved and honored her. I was going to go in the hideous cave where ugly giants roamed about. The cave where many ants have ventured, but have never returned.

I journeyed towards the humongous opening in the barren and vast cave of giants. When I reached the huge mountain where the cave was squeezed between, I noticed some kind of written language on the mountain. It seemed to be like this: G-1. It spelled danger; I was sure of it. Well, I headed in to meet my doom for the favor of the queen. Do I really want to do this? I answer yes! I took a deep breath and walked in. What I saw was probably a once in a life time opportunity. The giant habitants gathered around an especially tall, gigantic giant. As a giant moved away, I could see that the tall one was handing off the crunchy cloud balls. They looked so delicious that I was daydreaming about it.

Suddenly, a shadow 20 times as big as me stopped above me. I quickly ran for my life and looked back just in time to see a rubber stone connected to a giant fall on where I was standing a moment ago. "Cautiously was the way to walk" I murmured to myself. Then, I saw trouble. The heap of rubber was moving again this time at a rapid pace towards me!

I was so scared that I ran head first into another gathering of stones with a big smack! After I regained consciousness, I heard a giant roar to the other giants "Hey look! It's an ignorant ant who just ran into Lyl! It looks a little slanted to me! Let's step on it!"

I watched this in horror while waving my antenna wildly about. Ahhh...Well, I've done it again. Another big smack done by Amy Wu, smacking extraordinaire. Up this giant's leg I mean. This giant's leg was not like that of an ant. Ohhh no...It was like walking up a mess of antennas!

When I got to the top, I saw a heavenly sigh. This giant had a whole plate of the huge balls. I quickly ran towards them. As I was about to grab one of the balls that I wanted a violent shaking began. I was tossed about wildly and thrown into a black hole.

After I climbed up and then looked down the black hole, I was scooped up by a giant. I covered my eyes expecting the worst. When I felt nothing, I looked up. The girl giant said, "Don't worry little ant. I will set you free." I was put outside the cave and the door slammed shut. "Failure," I thought, "You have failed the queen."

Well, there was nothing I could do about it. I was torn, tattered, and even bleeding at some parts. When I got in the anthill, the queen asked me why I was so dirty. So I told her my story expecting her to be disappointed at me. Instead, she was smiling at me.

"It doesn't matter if you succeeded or not, it's whether you tried. You tried to prove that you honored me. That means more than if you got a thousand of those balls," whispered the queen.

I had learned two lessons. 1) Look before you run or you'll smack into things. 2) Telling someone you care is more important than anything.

Grade 6  
First Language is Chinese  
Second year in English program





## The awful thing (ED-02)

I was very young when my parents divorced, and I hated the memory of them like that. I blocked the memory out of my head.

My brother remembers but I do not, I was only three. My dad says I don't remember because I was so young, but I know in my heart that is not true.

I only have one memory of when they were married. It was on my aunt's wedding day. I was the flower girl. I hugged my mom's leg she picked me up and held me on her hip.

After the wedding was over, I walked to my grandma's house with my dad right after they were divorced.

They are short memories like on TV shows, One of my dad sleeping, the other of him, my brother and I walking down the Driveway to grandma and grandpa's house and I asked where we were going. He said to grandma and grandpa's

He seemed sad and lonesome for a long time. Every once and a while he still does seem lonesome. I used to always ask my mom if she loved my dad. She always said she was young and stupid when she married him.

But I knew she really Loved him alot and she was just hurt. I stopped asking only a couple of weeks ago because I already knew the answer. I guess I was just looking for an excuse for them to get remarried. My heart says they belong together but common sense says they don't.

I'll always wait for a miracle to happen but I won't say one will.

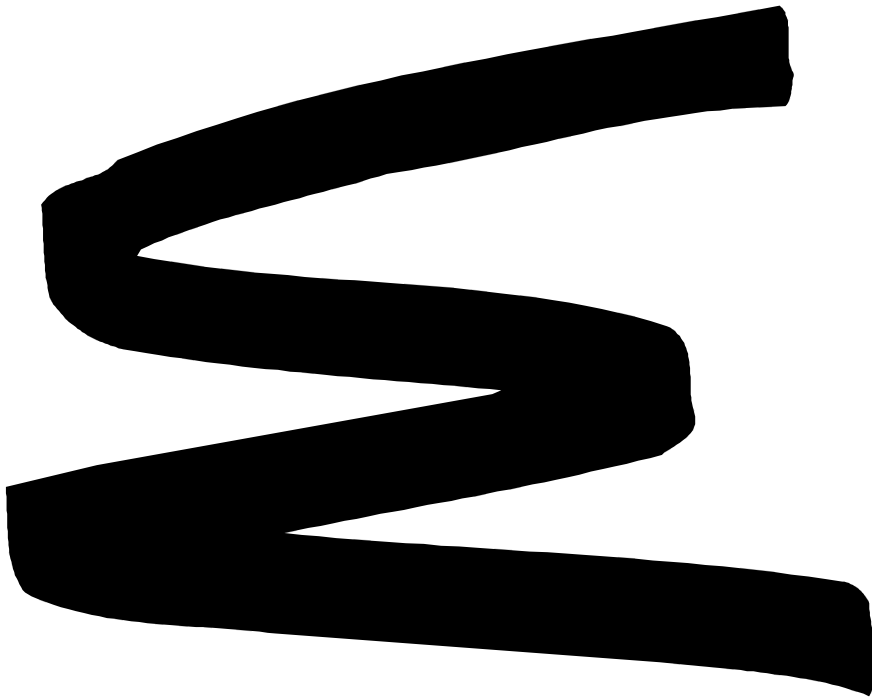


Grade 5

## It's Snowing (EC-03)

It's snowing!", the kids shouted as they hurried to get their coats. But then they decided to wait until the snow gathered a little more. "It's time!", one of the kids shouted. They made snow angels, hid in the snow, and made a fort. Then a magical snow rabbit came and made beautiful snow fall. The rabbit also made a fort of his very own. Then later on in the day the kids came out, and the magical snow rabbit was still playing outside. The children saw the rabbit, and one of them said, "Look at that rabbit. It's fur is as white as the snow!" The children came slowly...very slowly. The rabbit like the children. They kept the snow rabbit as a pet and got along real good!

Grade 3



## Friendship (EC-04)

I think there should be more friendship then more enemies. I don't think enemies are the kinds of friends you should have. Enemies are very mean to people and that's the wrong kind of friends you should have. You can play with your friends, and you can play with your enemies but your friends are funner to play with. Friendship is a lot more funner than having enemies. The world would be a lot better without enemies and more friends. Friendship is the best thingt to have when world war 3 hits. Friendship is not a thing to lose.

Grade 6



## EC-05

A person I will never forget will be my friend Amber. The think I will never forget about her is she dosen't have enny cominsence. She dosen't care if it's safe she just cares if it's fun. But she spend's so mutch time having fun she dosen't pay atenchon to enny thing els. She sometimes trips on flat ground. But she is a exsiting friend to have. And another thing. I have never none a person thet has mogved so mutch. As long as ive none her she's moved three times. And she's probubly going to move agin next year. I think some pepole wold agree she is a little weird. But I guse that's her way. And that is all I want to say.

Grade 3



Moving to a new school isn't easy at all, the only think I like about transferring schools is mabey I already know someone who goes to that school and it won't be hard to meet other people. When you leave your old school you have to leave your friends behind, some people say that time can heal all wounds, but sometimes time takes to long.

When you first start at a school you don't know who to hang out with and who the "player haters" are so you have to be very carefull and make sure you watch you back because sometimes "player haters" would do anything to you. Once you start going to one particular school you learn to love and deal with and get use to the surroundings around you. You may not like the school once you start going there and after you've been there 4 a while, but that's just one of the things you just can't change.

I've switched schools a lot, every school I went to I only went there 4 half the year and mabey not even that (in middle school). That was really hard on me because I kept making and loosing friends, some were friends I wouldn't wanted 4 life. But life goes on so I will soon heal and get to know and loose friends.

# The Last Pitch

"Strike Two" was called by the umpire as the ball crossed over the corner of the plate. I was sure it was going to be a ball but I had guessed wrong. The count was three balls and two strikes. One more strike and I was out. This was an important game because it would decide the fate of our reign as league champions. The next pitch was to decide who won. If I struck out it would end the game and we would lose.

The bases were loaded and there were two outs. The score was tied at nine to nine and it was at the bottom of the ninth inning. The team was struggling to pull off this win. The afternoon sun was overhead and beads of sweat were running down the back of my neck. The veins in my arms were popping out in the afternoon heat and I had a sticky dry feeling in my mouth. I gripped the bat tightly surveying the situation.

Only a few seconds had gone by since the last pitch but with the heat and intensity of the game everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. The silence of the crowd waiting impatiently for the next pitch was there. And all that could be heard was the wind whistling through the cyclone fence surrounding the diamond, it was like the stand off between Wyatt Erpp and the bandits at the O.K. Corral.

As the pitcher wound up to throw the next pitch my muscles tightened ready to spring at the oncoming pitch, but suddenly a gust of wind blew over my body softly calming my nerves putting me back at ease with the game. The pitcher wound up and threw the ball.

I tracked the ball as it came towards me like a hawk watching its prey. My body coiled up like a rattlesnake waiting to strike. Then I swung and all my energy was released like someone pulled the trigger of a gun. When the ball connected with the bat it shot into left field for a base hit. This allowed the runner from third to score and giving us enough runs to win the game.

It was over we had won ten to nine. My team ran yelling and screaming to the dug out in celebration. As the team gathered for our post-game meeting we were overjoyed. We had won the Championship two years in a row. For the rest of the week we walked around as if we were immortal and unstoppable.

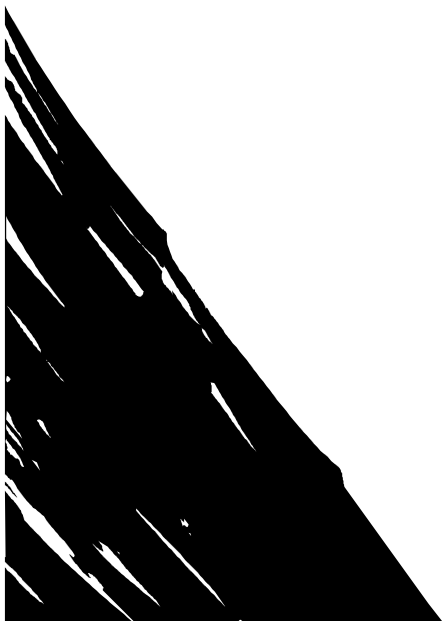


## MHC-03

I think the biggest responsibility I've ever faced was when I was eight years old. My mom left, so it was my sister, who was twelve, my dad, and me. My dad was working 2 or 3 jobs, I don't really remember. My sister stayed with my Grandma a lot. I was stuck with whoever would take me. When I was at home, I was usually by myself.

My dad would go to work at 4 o'clock in the morning and my sister would usually leave for school before me, so I took care of myself. I had to get up, get ready and make my own food. Making my food was really hard because I couldn't reach anything. Then I would have to walk to school. I liked going to school, most of the time anyways. I liked it because I didn't have to do everything for myself. People made my food and cleaned up after me. After school my sister would walk home with me. When we got home we were supposed to clean. My sister would usually go outside and play, so I would clean. I didn't like getting in trouble. My sister didn't really care if she got in trouble.

That's what my life was like. I went to school, came home and cleaned. I never got to go outside and play or just have fun. I had to grow up fast. I still have to do all that stuff today. It's not as bad anymore because I'm older but I wish I didn't have to do it. I wish my mom could have stayed around or at least until I was older. So I could have been a kid. All I know from that experience is that I will never leave my kids and I will give them the best life that I can.



Fresh, fallen autumnal leaves of gold sunk deep into the solid swampiness of the earth under the pressure of my bare feet, releasing a musty, yet not unpleasant scent from deep within the forest ground. The mud squished between my toes as I stepped forward. The mixed breezes of the woods were filled with the fresh scent of pine sap and cedar bark. After one whiff, my head was cleared of the unpleasant memory of the previous moments. My family, my friends, my battling emotions, all were left behind.

My hand went up to brush away from my face, a branch that had strayed from a birch sapling and wandered into my path. As I pushed it back, I felt the callused bark of the slim limb with my fingertips, and I connected with the seemingly distraught bough, sensing its trauma in relation to my own.

It must have been young and new to the tree, for its thickness was not great, and yet it had been through so much. It had probably withheld three passing of the seasons. The knots in its skin told of many toils with Mother Nature.

This little thing had meandered from its life-giving source, the trunk, and must have struggled to do so. It was no stranger to controversy, and yet had managed to control its destiny, but not sever its bond with the tree.

I surprised myself by forming a mental and spiritual bond with the little plant appendage, as I realized that my very being was no different than that of the bough. Even though we must face many conflicts with the ones we love, we must overcome the chaotic feeling that festers within us and surrender to the tranquil serenity of love.

I smiled resolutely as I walked from the side of my spiritual journey from ignorance into wisdom. I knew that I must return to my family and friends to apologize for my stubbornness, and make peace between all of us that would last for all time.





## MHC-05

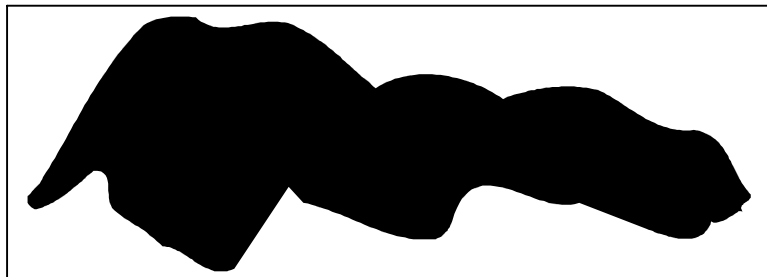
Uh oh! I think I'm lost! I can't really remember how I got here. All I know is that I was riding the bus and the next thing I knew, everyone, (my friends), had left! Oh, geez! How could they do that to me. Well I guess I better get off at the next stop so I can try to find them. And they just had to be tour guides, huh?

I have no clue how to get home! Okay, I think I just saw the mailman. That's a start! Hey, I think that's my neighbor. You know, me and her aren't really friends but—whoops! That's a man, and anyways, what would my mailman be doing here wherever I am. Oh geez, I really need to find those tour guides. The sooner the better and the key word is sooner!

Well, maybe some stores having sales, wait...no, do not think of buying clothes, bad, bad, bad! But, you know my tour guides might be there. Hey, what kind of store is this, Mind Reader Kits Aisle 10, torture devices Aisle 7. I think I need to leave now!

The more I try to find out where I am, the more I want to go home. Is there a reason why I'm stuck here, because I'm not enjoying it. I need to find a sane person at a sane store. Thank goodness, I wonder if it's the same one. I'm thinking of this might be dangerous, but it's worth a try. Wish me luck! Um, I think that this is not what I'm used to when I think of the Gap. Man, all those people have gaps in their teeth. I always thought people, sane people, paid to have their teeth straight and "gapless", but here it's way different. This store is selling false teeth that have gaps in it. Along with yellow stains and cavities. Eeow gross! Okay, time to leave!

Oh, there go my tour guides. Let me see if I can catch up! Wait up, where did you guys go? What, I left you? Oh, well sorry I guess. Let me see if I have any money for lunch, and then I have to worry about how I'm going to get home. Hey, uh-well, where did you guys go now? Oh dang! I really need a leash or something. I'm without my tour guides, again! I better see if I can find them, but, how far can they get in 2 minutes, not far, I hope.....



## Scores Conventions

Paper number	Score
EC-01 .....	5/5
EC -02 .....	4/4
EC -03 .....	4+/4+
EC -04 .....	2/3
EC -05 .....	2/2
MHC-01 .....	2+/2+
MHC -02 .....	3/4
MHC -03 .....	4/4
MHC-04 .....	4/5
MHC -05 .....	4/4